

My Pleasure My Pain

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Summary: AU BV story. What would happen to Bulma if Kakarotto completed his Chikyuu mission? To give you more of an idea of the story, my 4 chapters are titled Hold Me, Thrill Me, Kiss Me, Kill Me hmmm where did I get that from?

1. Part 1 - Hold Me

> <meta name="Generator"> My Pleasure My Pain

Disclaimer: I don't own Dragon Ball Z, yadda, yadda, yadda.

Note: Finally, I've planned out a new story. In my bio section I tend to have a picture that goes with my current story. Oh and I now have a webpage (shameless plug). I'll try to write a new part every 2 weeks (most likely sooner) but don't like expect anything tomorrow. Shout out to Michika for making me feel guilty and to Kukyu for always giving me the honest truth. Oh and Vegeta is 4 years older than Kakarotto and a year older than Bulma.

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My Pleasure My Pain

~Prologue~

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A lone spacepod drew nearer to its destination. Inside lay a baby boy, no more than a year old, with wild hair and a furry tail. His race: Saiyan. That very word sent tremours of fear throughout the galaxy. The warrior race that conquered whole planets and was known to send out its newborns on sweeping missions. This was one such newborn, on a course to the class M planet known as Chikyuu. His mission: purge the planet of all life to prepare for the next inhabitants "the highest bidder!

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An old man looked up at the sky as something streaked across it in the night. The object was headed toward the forest and the old man decided to investigate. After an hour of searching, he finally found it. "It" happened to be a spherical object that had burrowed half of itself into the ground. The old man got in for a closer look. He noticed what seemed to be windows and peered inside, shocked to see a sleeping baby. Taking his cane, he pried open the door.

The moment the door opened, a beam of light shot out. The elder looked up. "Odd, I don't remember a moon being out tonight." He turned his attention back to the infant. The old man picked him up, waking him as he did. The baby boy started crying but the aging man started to soothe him. He thought he had gotten through to the child, for he had stopped crying and opened his eyes.

But the Saiyan newborn wasn't staring at the elder; he was looking up at the light behind.

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~Part 1 " Hold Me~

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* * * 1 year later * * *

Dr. Briefs was in a panic. He was in the process of transporting people underground to the hollowed caves and mountains outside the city. He had created a masking signal that would interfere with the ki readings of those damn scouters. While humans had little to no ki to speak of, when amassed together in a group the size of a city, ki would definitely be noticed.

Dr. Briefs had kept in contact with the other towns of the region. The populations were already in the mountains waiting for the group from West Capital City.

"Nanden!" Dr. Briefs called out to his friend. "Where's Bulma?"

"The last I saw, she was with your wife." He pointed down the corridor from which they came.

"Thanks. You know where to lead these people. I'm going back."

Dr. Briefs maneuvered his way through the crowd, calling out the names of his daughter and wife. He finally made his way to the back, but there was still no sign of them. He started to worry, Bulma had been adamant about not leaving her home, she might have gone back.

"Kuso!"

The scientist started to run through the caverns, tripping every so often, as the flashlight was hardly a suitable guide. Grimy and muddy, Briefs came to the hidden door that separated himself from

Capsule Corporation. He keyed in the code at the secret panel and the door slid open, revealing his wife, 4 year old daughter and 3 very angry Saiyans.

The largest of the 3 stepped forward and grabbed the scientist by his collar. "So this is the famous Dr. Briefs? My King has plans for you."

Dr. Briefs glared at the bald Saiyan, mustering enough courage to defy him. "I will not betray my people to obey your King!"

"A pity!" The Saiyan nodded his head to the one holding Mrs. Briefs.

"MAMA!"

"NOOOO!"

Before the very eyes of her loved ones, Mrs. Briefs was disintegrated, leaving no trace of ashes.

"Mama." The little girl started to wail. Her screams were loud and high further irritating Nappa.

"SHUT HER UP!"

"NO WAIT! Fine, I'll do whatever you want. She is all I have left, please don't hurt her."

A sinister smile crossed the face of the Commander. "A wise choice Briefs, but before we leave for Vegetasei you must reveal the location of the hiding humans."

No, he couldn't do it. Betray the remaining survivors of his planet? He didn't care what his fate was if he refused, but he looked at his little Bulma. She was supposed to have this long, wonderful life ahead of her. She already proved to be quite bright and who knew what her potential was? She was his pride, his joy and all that ever mattered to him. It was his duty to save her and keep her alive.

"They're heading underground to a fortress in the mountains just south of here."

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Dr. Briefs laid back against his cell wall and sighed. Bulma's small form was asleep in a nearby cot. He hoped, for her sake, that in time she would forget what happened in the past year.

It all happened so quickly. The first reports no one took seriously â€" who could believe a giant monkey was going around destroying towns? But then it hit a major city and all Hell broke loose. The beast â€" oozaru as the Saiyans called it â€" would systematically destroy everything it came across. Mass panic was caused as people tried to escape, but there was no where to hide.

That is, until Dr. Briefs found the spacepod. Six months after the first sighting, Dr. Briefs was able to assimilate all the information he needed. He studied their technology and discovered that the oozaru

was a were-being and in its normal form, save for a tail, could pass as human. His most important finding, however, was that the oozaru could locate living beings through its scouter. A scouter the good scientist was able to deceive, thereby saving thousands of lives. But he was unable to do anything about the billions already lost and could do nothing to prevent the arrival of the other Saiyans.

Dr. Briefs had been shocked to discover that the one responsible for the near genocide of his race had been an infant. He wasn't able to fool the adult Saiyans so easily. Through various torture methods, the Saiyans were able to discern the location of Dr. Briefs' hideout from unlucky civilians.

Just under a million humans left and because of him, all future generations will be born into slavery. Dr. Briefs let out a laugh. The irony of it all " it was because of him they were still alive, yet with barely a second thought, he had sentenced them to what he thought would be certain death " all in the name of his daughter.

But he didn't regret it. He would do it again if it meant saving her. The future is uncertain but Dr. Briefs will do whatever he is asked as long as Bulma is kept safe and alive. She's all that really matters and she will survive. He will make sure of it!

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It had been a long journey to Vegetasei; Dr. Briefs lost track of time after the first month. He was still unsure as to what will happen to him because the Saiyans wouldn't talk to him. He would sometimes be allowed to roam the corridors freely and Bulma always found something to occupy herself with. He never left her by herself though; he didn't trust the Saiyans. But today was the day he knew his fate.

The ship entered the planet's atmosphere. Briefs looked out the window, not surprised at the ugliness of the oranges and browns of Vegetasei. He watched as the ship slowly descended to a docking port attached to the end of a huge palace. He went over to Bulma who was just waking and picked her up. Two guards came to the door and ordered the two to follow them.

They were led down the bare hallway and stopped just outside the ship's doors. One guard grabbed onto Briefs and told him that unless he wanted to be crushed by 10G's of force, he was not to try and run. The guard then flared his ki and they stepped onto the planet's surface.

Bulma's eyes widened as they walked to the palace. She was in awe of the contrast to Chikyuu. Everything was so barren, so dreary. The maroon sky gave the air a hazy and thick feel. The world reeked of death and destruction and Bulma buried her head into her father's shoulder.

They entered the palace's great doors and the guard powered down his ki shield. Inside was completely different from outside. Vast tapestries akin to velvet lined the stone walls as they walked along the richly coloured rugs. Everything was lavish and extravagant, just what you'd expect a king to have, just not Vegetasei's king.

The guard noticed Dr. Briefs' puzzled expression as he looked at all the art and said, "Vegetasei hosts many dignitaries from around the universe. The King believes in taking good care of them in order to gain their trust. Other wings of the palace that are only open to Saiyans are not quite as extravagant."

Briefs just nodded as they continued down the halls. Eventually they came to two double doors stamped with a gold encrusted symbol. The guards on either side opened the doors for them and revealed a long purple carpet that led up to a massive throne.

Perched on the throne sat a well-built man with flaming hair and a goatee. He had on the standard spandex suit, though it was black, and a heavy red and white cape with long shoulder guards. Flanked on either side of him were two guards. The bald one Dr. Briefs had encountered earlier and one he didn't recognize; though he had a bandana around his head.

Nappa bent down and whispered something to King Vegeta.

"Dr. Briefs I presume?" The King's powerful voice echoed throughout the chamber.

"Y-y-yes," stammered the doctor.

"I hear you were causing some problems for my men on Chikyuu."

"Wellâ€¦."

"SILENCE! Even though you delayed the mission somewhat, I am still impressed. We had thought that nothing of value was on that blue rock. How would you like to work for me?"

"What makes you think I would do such a thing?" questioned Dr. Briefs.

"I would make you my Royal Science Advisor. You wouldn't be a slave Briefs, you could live quite comfortably, provided you are loyal. Besides, Nappa tells me that you don't want anything to happen to your little brat. I can guarantee her safety around the palace as long as you do as I ask."

The doctor bit his lip. This was turning out better than he expected, though he wasn't sure he could trust the King. But he was confident that as long as he proved himself indispensable, no harm would come to Bulma.

"Ok your Highness, I accept your proposal."

King Vegeta just smirked and motioned for a guard to lead the Chikyuu natives to their new quarters.

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Bulma sat on her bed and sighed. She was bored! Her father had left early in the morning to see his new lab. He warned her that she was not to step outside the palace doors or something bad would happen to her. She believed everything he told her though he never mentioned anything about her leaving her quarters.

The palace was huge and ever since they entered it a couple days ago, she had wanted to see every inch of it. She went to the door, opened it and peeked out. Nobody was in the halls and Bulma giggled. She was going to go for a tour.

Darting in and out of the hallways to avoid being detected, Bulma stumbled across a glass door. Well, it wasn't really glass, but she could see through it, which really intrigued her because all other doors had been stone. She was delighted with what she saw inside. Flowers, trees, plants and more. She could tell it was a huge garden but the door didn't give much of a view.

Looking around, making sure nobody was there, Bulma went up to the security lock. She just barely reached the control panel as she fiddled around with wires. She had been watching her father work ever since she could crawl and by now, at the tender age of 5, she had picked up quite a few things. She was rewarded a couple minutes later as she heard the satisfying 'swish' of the door sliding open.

Bulma stepped in and gasped. It was even better than she imagined. She could hear running water in the background and was confronted with different exotic scents. She looked around. Everything was enclosed though it seemed like a massive forest. Flowers that she had never seen before lined pathways as she walked deeper and deeper inside. Bulma didn't know if these were plants that dignitaries brought as peace offerings or Saiyans brought after conquering worlds. Not that Bulma cared. It was absolutely beautiful, something she never saw the Saiyans as being.

She grew closer and closer to the sound of water and as she came out of the clearing, she saw a small waterfall that emptied into a lake. What caught her attention, though, was the small figure hovering by the water. Bulma grew excited. He was a child. There was actually another child besides her. Bulma didn't know what to do. Should she confront him, introduce herself? _Hey, what is he doing anyway?_ She peered closer. It looked like he was just floating there with his eyes closed. She decided to just watch him for awhile.

Prince Vegeta had been meditating in his clearing when he heard the garden doors slide open. He had thought that it was Nappa or some other guard that entered but for some reason, they were just standing by the trees staring at him. Well, if they weren't going to say anything, he smirked, he'll just surprise them.

Bulma didn't know what happened. One minute the boy was there, and the next he had just disappeared. She then felt a sharp pain and cried out. Vegeta had phased in behind her and pinned her arm back. He was surprised by the shrill cry and let her go. He had not put any pressure on her arm, how could anybody be so weak? Then he got a good look at her and was once again shocked. Never had he seen another child before. Well there had been that newborn Kakarotto but this was different. For one, she was female and rarely had he seen any kind of female, Saiyan or otherwise, and second, she looked about his age, but he smirked, at least he was still taller. She had odd colouring too. Her hair was rather limp looking and a bright blue. Her eyes were blue too. Never had he seen such an odd creature. No - he wouldn't kill her yet, though she was so puny, she wouldn't be worth the effort.

"How did you get in?" The Prince demanded. "These are the Royal Gardens and as such only royalty is allowed here."

Bulma's eyes widened. "You're royalty?"

Vegeta gritted his teeth, annoyed and insulted that she didn't know who he was. "Of course! I am Prince Vegeta, heir to the throne of Vegetasei, destined to be the strongest Saiyan in the universe. And you, little girl, did not answer my question."

Bulma didn't know if she liked his stuck up attitude. "I just bypassed the security codes on your computer lock. Pretty simple really."

Vegeta raised an eyebrow, somewhat impressed. "At least you're not completely worthless."

Bulma pouted at what she thought was an insult. "I'm only 5. How old are you?"

After a pause, he answered, "6."

Bulma brightened up again. "Do you want to play? You're the first kid I've come across, we can have some fun."

Vegeta just crossed his arms and glared at her. "First of all, I am a Saiyan Prince. I don't 'play.' Next, as a Saiyan, I have fun by fighting and you're obviously no match for me."

The Chikyuu girl stuck out her lower lip trying to give Vegeta a puppy dog look. "But I thought we could play hide and seek."

The Prince just stared at her weird expression, then sighed. He was bored. His tutor and trainers had suggested he meditate but he thought it was useless. "Ok, what is this 'hide and seek'?"

Bulma squealed in joy. She explained the rules and then said she was going to hide first. After waiting a couple minutes, Vegeta put on his scouter and quickly found her.

"You cheater! That's so unfair. You're supposed to find me on your own. Besides it's more fun that way."

Vegeta sighed but agreed. He didn't want her to continue whining. Besides, this seeking her out without a scouter could be seen as a training exercise. Trying to sense out your enemy without a scouter might prove to be useful.

Just then two guards entered. Dr. Briefs had contacted them, asking them to find Bulma. They apologized to the Prince saying she wouldn't bother him again and that they were taking her back to her room.

Vegeta was surprised they hadn't killed her or were planning on it. "Do you have no punishment for this girl? She interrupted me during my meditating, not to mention that she broke in."

"She is not a slave but the daughter of the new Science Advisor. We have instructions not to harm her."

Prince Vegeta just nodded and they took the human girl away. Bulma peered from behind the shoulder of the guard who was carrying her and waved goodbye to the Prince. Vegeta just snorted, crossed his arms and turned his back to her. He went back to meditating but couldn't conceal his smirk any longer.

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Vegeta had just finished training and was pacing in his chamber. Ever since he met that girl the other day, he found himself getting more easily bored. What was this 'playing' she was talking about? Could it be possible to even have fun without fighting? Obviously according to her, but she was a weakling. But even though she was thousands of times weaker than he, she showed no constant fear of him. How intriguing. _Maybe I'll learn more about her_.

Bulma was sitting on her chair holding a stuffed animal. Her father had been angry the other day that she had wandered through the palace alone. She wanted to tell him about Vegeta but he wouldn't listen. He just went on and on, lecturing her on the dangers of Saiyans. Bulma frowned. Her father was no fun anymore. He wouldn't allow her to go with him to the lab and expected her to stay in their quarters. A knock on the door, brought Bulma out of her contemplative state.

"Vegeta!" exclaimed a happy Bulma.

He frowned. "You will address me as _Prince_ Vegeta." But Bulma wasn't listening, she was just pleased that she had a visitor.

"Why are you here?"

"I've been giving some thought to this 'hide and seek' game, and I thought it would be a good training tool if we did it throughout the palaceâ€¦|.So how about it?"

She widened her eyes, "Are you asking me to play?"

Vegeta just scowled but nodded.

Bulma smiled, throwing all memory of her father's lecture away. "Yay, but you have to give me a head start," she said running down the hall and out of sight. Vegeta smirked, _this should be interesting_.

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It didn't take Vegeta very long to find Bulma in the laundry room. She was so noisy and he heard her giggle as he walked by. It was then his turn to hide and he tried to make it easy for her. He went to the training room and sat behind a console, thankful that nobody was in there at this time. It took her nearly 45 minutes to find him, which irritated him. He told her that from now on, he'd just try to find her over and over again. He'd get more training in that way. Bulma readily agreed, seeing as how she liked hiding the best.

Vegeta gave her a longer head start this time. She was running down a hall she had never been before, when she heard a door open. She hid behind a rather plain tapestry and saw a Saiyan stepping out of a room. He walked in the other direction, and Bulma ran inside the room before the door closed. She smiled triumphantly until she saw what

was in the room. She then ran to the door to try and get out but it was locked. She looked for the control panel but it was too high to reach. Bulma knew she couldn't scream because she'd get in trouble if anyone but Vegeta found her. She sat against the wall, held her knees tightly to herself and prayed Vegeta found her soon.

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It had been over an hour and Vegeta was irritated_. Where could she have hidden? She didn't have much time to go very far_. He went back to the training room and started again. _That's it! She can get into locked rooms, how could I forget? _There was a whole hallway he had neglected because all the doors were locked with the highest security and he thought Bulma wouldn't even dare venture down there._ But you must never underestimate an opponent, ne?_

He stood at the head of the hallway, closing his eyes and concentrating. Nope, nothing. He went to the first door and entered his clearance code. The door opened, revealing several startled alien scientists who never thought they would get a visit from the Prince. Vegeta just nodded his head to them and left. _If there are scientists all over, then maybe she didn't come this way. _Then he felt something. It was only a moment and he didn't know what it was. It seemed to draw him, however, to the third door to the left of him. _Stupid girl, she wouldn't go in there would she? _Vegeta once again entered his code and opened the door.

He heard a silent sobbing and looked behind the door. There she was, with her head in her hands and curled up as much as she could against the wall. She looked up at him with tear soaked cheeks.

"Well, what's the matter with you girl?" He smirked, "Never been in a nursery before?"

Bulma stood up and glared at him. "Those aren't babies, those are monsters."

Vegeta looked around him, then reached out for Bulma's hand and dragged her to a tank. "Look, see they're harmlessâ€¦for now. This is just where high-class babies are brought to grow. As a warrior, a female Saiyan doesn't need a baby in her stomach to worry over. It's also easier to deal with giving them up early and not when they have to be sent on their first mission." Vegeta couldn't believe he was explaining this to the blue haired girl, but it calmed her a bit and he didn't want her crying.

Bulma had dried her tears and was staring at the 'baby' in the tank. Vegeta thought it would be a good idea to leave now and asked Bulma if she was hungry. She brightened a little and the Prince took her back to his quarters. The guards in front of the Prince's chambers gave each other disapproving looks as they saw the human enter.

Inside, a vast array of dishes awaited the Prince and his guest. Bulma's eyes bulged. "Do you always have so much food?"

"Of course, girl, I am a Saiyan and we eat a lot. Now sit and eat."

Bulma did as she was told and picked at the plate of meat in front of

her. Surprisingly it was pretty good, just a little rare. She could barely finish her plate though, but noticed how quickly the Prince was devouring everything. When he was finished, he grabbed some sort of roll and gave it to Bulma.

"Here, try this. We usually eat such things after the main meal."

"You mean like a dessert?" Vegeta was confused at the term but merely nodded his head. Bulma bit into it. It tasted rather sweet.

"Good isn't it? It's a Vegetasei dish." Vegeta said proudly.

"I guess it's OK, but I still think chocolate is way better."

Vegeta started to get angry that she would dare insult Saiyan cooking, when his stomach got the better of him. "What is chocolate?"

Bulma looked at him like he was stupid. "You mean you've never had chocolate? It's only like the greatest food in the world, I mean universe. I have some in my room, do you want to try it?"

Curious as to what kind of food would make the girl's face light up like that, Vegeta snorted, "It better be worth my time to walk to your quarters."

Bulma giggled, taking that as a positive 'yes' and went to the door. She almost got knocked over as an older Saiyan entered.

"Maizu, I'm busy now. My tutoring can wait until later." Vegeta instructed.

"But my Princeâ€¦"

"You heard me, now leave." Maizu did as he was told.

The two children walked the way to Bulma's quarters in silence. They passed by a number of other guards, who just gawked at the two of them. They arrived at her room and Bulma breathed a sigh of relief as she noticed that her dad wasn't back yet.

Vegeta sat down on one of the living room chairs as Bulma went to find a chocolate capsule. She came back out with an assortment of different chocolates. She also ran to get a glass of milk and set it in front of Vegeta. She sat patiently, waiting to see his reaction.

The Saiyan Prince picked up one of the bon bons and sniffed it. He put it in his mouth and started to chew. The richness of the flavour filled his mouth and senses while he gulped down some milk. He slowly picked up another piece and placed it in his mouth. He did that with each chocolate candy, as if savouring its sweetness. Sometimes he'd chew, other time's he noticed that it would melt. Bulma brought him 3 more glasses of milk.

When he was finished Bulma commented, "Told you it was good."

Vegeta snorted, he liked it but he wasn't about to admit it. "The chocolate was . . . not bad."

Bulma giggled, "It was better than 'not bad' Mr. Prince-who's-face-lit-up-every-time-he-swallowed-a-piece-of-chocolate. Oh and you still have some chocolate on your mouth."

Vegeta scowled as he wiped his mouth. "One of these days you'll learn proper respect. I should confiscate all your chocolate to teach you a lesson."

Bulma smiled, she knew what he was asking, he just had too much pride to say it out right. She went to her room and pulled out another chocolate capsule. She gave it to Vegeta and he just grunted.

Bulma's father walked in just then and got the shock of his life to see his daughter with the Prince. Vegeta eyed Dr. Briefs and nodded an acknowledgement. He smirked at Bulma then turned to leave.

When he was gone Dr. Briefs ran to Bulma and hugged her. "Are you alright?"

"Of course I am Daddy," replied Bulma as she kissed him on the cheek. She then went to her room.

Dr. Briefs was still puzzled as to the presence of Prince Vegeta. But he pushed it out of his mind. He sighed, _At least she's happy._

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The next day, Vegeta came really early and greeted a barely awake Bulma.

"Good, you're dressed, let's go," demanded Vegeta.

Bulma couldn't get a word in as he grabbed her arm and dragged her down the corridor. Bulma was literally flying through the air as Vegeta ran. He stopped short suddenly, causing her to jerk and pulled her into a little nook. He placed a hand over her mouth so she wouldn't make a sound. A guard walked by and then Vegeta released her. Blue eyes looked questioningly at him.

"We're sort of playing hide and seek on the guards today. I purposely didn't go to training to see if they could find me. By keeping my ki real low they can't use the scouters to find me because I blend in with the other weaklings. So do you understand this game? The guards can't see us." Bulma nodded, then smiled.

"What?"

"We're having fun," she grinned wider. The Prince just _hmped _and dragged Bulma back the other way.

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Bulma's arm was sore. She had spent the morning being pulled around by Vegeta. Currently they were behind a science console.

"Vegeeeta," Bulma whined, "can't we do something else now?"

He had grown used to the way she informally addressed him, so didn't reprimand her. Also growing bored of the ineptitude of the guards Vegeta hissed, "Fine girl! If you know of some way to create a diversion and get them off our backs, then we can play something else."

Bulma got a devilish smile on her face that startled even her Prince. She stood up and went to the front of the console. Vegeta watched curiously as she started pressing all these buttons.

"What are youâ€¦" Vegeta's sentence was cut off by a loud alarm. He grabbed Bulma and they ducked under the console. They could see the feet of running soldiers pass by. All were heading for the throne room fearing the king was in trouble.

Vegeta smirked, this girl was good.

"Come on." Vegeta grabbed the blue haired girl and they ran in the opposite direction.

Bulma was laughing, "Did you see their faces?" Vegeta just smirked in response.

He rounded the corner real fast and collided with someone. Vegeta stumbled back and released Bulma. They both looked up at the pink and white horned creature with rather feminine lips.

"Lord Freeza!" gasped Vegeta. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to . . ."

Freeza held up his hand. "It's alright young Prince." His eyes travelled over to the Chikyuu native, "And what have we here?"

Bulma shakily got up. Vegeta NEVER apologized. This alien had to be pretty powerful if he actually got respect from Vegeta. "We weren't doing anything wrong. We were just having some fun, honest."

Thin lips curved up in a sinister smile. "What makes you feel that I think you did anything wrong? Would it have anything to do with the alarms going off all of a sudden?"

Bulma's face went red and she could feel Vegeta glaring at her. She had said too much and they were going to get into trouble.

"Surely a little girl like yourself wouldn't know how to set off a complicated system like the alarms."

This time her pride got the better of her. "Yep, it was me. This _little girl _fooled all those soldiers. My dad is the Science Advisor and he taught me all sorts of things. He says I'm smart and gifted and he should know because he's a _genious_."

Freeza's smile widened slightly at the little girl's bragging. _She's certainly got spunk. I seem to frighten little children and yet she is still shooting her mouth off._ He looked over to Prince Vegeta. "I suppose your father will get wind of this soon and be quite angry." Vegeta merely nodded.

"Well, then I guess you should enjoy your free time while it lasts.

You may hide out on my ship if you wish. It'll give your father time to cool down."

Vegeta's mouth opened in shock. He closed it quickly but was still amazed. Freeza was being . . . nice? Here was a powerful tyrant who used the Saiyans as his exterminators for inhabited planets and he was offering two children a chance to hide out on his ship so they wouldn't get in trouble. This wasn't right. Vegeta was about to reject the offer but Bulma had just volunteered an enthusiastic "yes."

Freeza held out his hand and Bulma latched onto it hesitantly. Vegeta followed behind the two, still suspicious of Freeza's actions. When they got to the ship, Freeza took them into a large room used to train soldiers. He sat back and watched as the little girl tried to explain the concept of "tag" to Vegeta.

Bulma was determined 'it' first and made Vegeta promise to go half his speed. He did, knowing full well that at even half his speed she would never be able to catch him. But then he thought of another way to annoy her. He slowly floated off the ground until he was just out of her reach. He hovered directly above her, taunting her to try and touch him.

Bulma kept jumping, reaching out with her arms, but couldn't quite touch him. She grew incredibly angry when she heard his arrogant laughter. "VEGETA!!! This isn't fair. I can't fly."

Vegeta grew quiet a moment, looking as if he were pondering something. "Would you like to?"

Confused, Bulma asked, "Would I like to what?"

"Fly!" With that, Vegeta swooped down and picked up the girl. He laughed as she screamed and he carried her up to the ceiling. He dashed all over the place, dropping, turning, soaring. Bulma was clutching on to Vegeta but soon relaxed. She was enjoying the ride.

"Faster! I want to go faster." Vegeta smirked at his friend and proceeded to grant her wish. Bulma screamed but soon was laughing.

Freeza looked up from where he was sitting. _This is most interesting, most interesting indeed!_

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It was quite late and Vegeta had just finished sneaking Bulma back to her place. He quietly entered his chambers and was knocked to the floor. The light came on and Vegeta looked up at his father.

"You caused quite a stir today brat!" the King spat. "I don't know how you did it but I don't appreciate having the entire Royal Guard running into the throne room while I'm going over very important business. You'd think those morons would realized that as King, I am the strongest Saiyan and can take care of myself. You will go under more rigorous training this week. I can't have you causing more

trouble while I deal with these matters. Nappa will be here to train you at 4am. I want to see a dramatic increase in your power level this week!"

Prince Vegeta lowered his head, "Yes father."

* * * * *

Bulma was restless. A week had passed since she last saw Vegeta and had ventured outside her room. _This sucks_, she thought, _I want to have some fun_. Then she remembered the Royal Gardens and brightened up again. She put on slacks and a shirt and left her quarters. Undetected, she made her way to the gardens, pausing only to 'unlock' the door.

She entered and ran to the clearing. She took off her shoes and ran to the nearest tree. Back on Chikyuu, she would love to climb trees. She loved being high above the ground, which was why she enjoyed her flight with Vegeta so much. For the rest of the day she climbed most of the trees in the forest.

Near the end, one massive tree caught her interest. It had an extremely round trunk that narrowed at the top. There were grooves at the bottom but smoothed out as it got higher. Bulma started to climb it, sticking her little feet in to the grooves. As she neared the top, she grabbed onto the smooth trunk and tried to step up. She lost her footing and slipped. Her hands grasped onto the trunk but it was so smooth and slippery that she let go and fell.

Strong arms caught her just before she hit the ground. Her eyes, which had been shut tight, slowly opened, and she saw a smirking Vegeta.

"VEGETA!" Bulma squealed and hugged him. "I missed you."

Vegeta allowed her to hug him for a of couple seconds, then shrugged her off by setting her down.

He crossed his arms and smirked, "You are such a weakling for falling little girl. Good thing I was here to catch you, I would hate it if you stained the grass with your blood."

Bulma fumed and stuck her tongue out at him.

The Prince just laughed. "Come, I knew you'd be here, being as predictable as you are, so I brought food. I figured putting up with you would be more interesting than learning Vegetasei's history from that Baka tutor of mine." He went to sit by a tree stump and laid back. Bulma sat next to him.

"If you're to become King, shouldn't you learn about your planet's history?"

"Bah. When I am King, I will make history not dwell in the past." Vegeta took a bite out of his dinner.

"Well, what will you do?" Bulma asked as she sipped her drink.

"I will be the strongest in the universe and everyone will fear my power. They will obey me or suffer the consequences."

Bulma shuddered. "That doesn't sound like much of a plan. But think of all the royal parties you can have. Ohhhh it would be so much fun."

Vegeta snorted in disgust and looked at her. "Parties??? I don't think so."

"Oh come on. There'd be a lot of food, I know you like that. Oh and I'm sure there would be a whole table dedicated to chocolate desserts. All you'd have to do is show up. The Queen can make the preparations."

"Queen? The only thing the Queen's good for is producing an heir. You are of more use to me than a Queen."

Bulma smiled brightly. "Really?"

The young Prince looked into her blue eyes and just _hmphe_. Bulma giggled then yawned. "All this food has made me sleepy." Her eyes slowly closed, and she nodded off, resting her head on Vegeta's shoulder.

Vegeta sat there, feeling a sense of calm wash over him. He stayed there a long time, listening to the quiet, but steady breathing of his blue haired companion. He thought back to their conversation, _what will I do when I am king?_

Vegeta yawned, it was time to go. He gently picked up Bulma, amused at how she curled up against his warmth. _You are so fragile yet take risks like a Saiyan. You are the first to ever disrespect me and respect me at the same time. I want to keep you._

--

He exited the gardens and made the way back to Bulma's quarters without being noticed. Vegeta knocked on the door and a very worried Dr. Briefs answered. Wordlessly, Vegeta handed over the girl he was cradling into the arms of her father. He then turned and left a speechless scientist behind him.

* * * * *

For the next couple of weeks, the pair would meet on and off, playing and causing trouble. This didn't go unnoticed, however, by a certain being.

One day, they were playing hide and seek, and Bulma decided to hide in the throne room. Vegeta had gotten pretty good at finding her, so she was given longer head starts.

At the moment, King Vegeta was having a very heated discussion with Nappa. Bulma couldn't hear what they were talking about but it ended with the King ordering that the Prince be brought before him.

Bulma gasped because that meant that Vegeta would definitely find her. The King heard Bulma's exclamation and discovered her behind a curtain. He picked her up by her neck and ordered a guard to call for Dr. Briefs.

Just then, Vegeta entered and he saw Bulma.

"No fair, no fair! I get a do-over, your father is the one that found me," she yelled.

The King looked at her and then at the Prince, whose face was growing quite red.

"Is she the reason why you've been missing training and tutoring?" He shook Bulma by the collar, "Have you gone weak boy? ANSWER ME!"

Vegeta said nothing.

Dr. Briefs then entered and the King threw Bulma at his feet. "You will keep your brat locked in her room her else," he directed at Briefs. "Now GO!"

Bulma started to cry and Dr. Briefs picked her up. Not wanting to anger the King anymore, he leaves immediately.

"Now you BRAT," he turned his attention back to his son, "are NOT to see her again. She has distracted you from your training long enough and I will not have my heir be a weakling. Is that understood?"

Vegeta numbly nodded, then turned to go back to his quarters.

* * * * *

Vegeta woke up early the next morning to train. He let all of his aggression towards his father out on his sparring partners. Nappa, satisfied that Vegeta was becoming more like his ruthless self, told him to go meditate for a couple hours before tutoring.

The Prince rushed to the Royal Gardens hoping that Bulma was there. He was rewarded as Bulma had also snuck out of her room. They met in the clearing.

"Because _you _had to go hide in the throne room, we'll have to be more secretive about our meetings. We can't see each other every day because I have to train to become strong."

Bulma breathed a sigh of relief. Vegeta still wanted to see her, though she was sad because it wouldn't be as frequent. She then smiled wickedly as she scooped up water at the bank of the lake and splashed Vegeta.

"Oh you are going to pay little girl." Vegeta smirked as he picked her up by his tail and tossed her in the lake. He then removed his boots and gloves and dove in to splash her some more. The two laughed as they had their water war.

Hidden among the trees came the blinking red light of a recently installed camera. In a security room elsewhere, two figures watched the two children playing.

"You see King Vegeta, more drastic measures must be taken place to rid your son of this _weakness_."

"And I suppose you know how to deal with this problem?"

"Of course," Freeza smiled, "just leave it all to me."

* * * * *

The next day, Vegeta once again rushed to meet Bulma after training. After their swim the previous afternoon, he told her to meet him in the gardens the following night. He arrived at the clearing but there was no sign of her. He sighed and sat down to wait. He waited a couple hours then dozed off, only to wake in the morning.

"Something must have happened," he muttered to himself.

He left the gardens and headed towards her living quarters. As he got nearer he noticed that there were an absurd amount of guards in the corridor. He asked one of them what was going on.

"My Prince, there has been an accident. One of the scientists had brought to his quarters an experiment he was working on. There were some very volatile chemicals and they exploded in the middle of the night, killing the scientist and his daughter."

Vegeta paled, he knew exactly who the scientist and daughter were. He also knew it wasn't an accident. This was the work of his father. _He_ had ordered their deaths, that had been the girl's price for befriending him " a grisely murder. And he never even knew her name.

—

So this was what it was like to lose someone you care for, Vegeta thought. Did he really care for her? She had been annoying, loud, rude and bad tempered. But yes, he liked her. _I feel so weak. I don't like this, I don't want to feel this way again. So friends are weaknesses? Then there is nothing else to do but get strong. I will become the strongest and defeat my father. He may have shown me the error of my ways, but I will make him pay for hurting me like this. From now on, I will not show weakness. I vow never to get close to anyone again._

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2. Part 2 - Thrill Me

> <meta name="Generator"> Part 2: Thrill Me

Note: Well, if you've noticed the way I title these parts, then you know the good stuff is coming up in part 3. Sorry for the delay, I had some police matters and such to take care of (hey, I'm evil remember j/j). It wasn't that evident in Part 1 but this is a dark fic - darker than Til Death Do You Part at least. I hope you enjoy it and thank you to all the wonderful people who reviewed.

Oh and I'm going on a ROAD TRIP (must say with enthusiasm) this weekend so I won't be able to work on part 3 until after. Must go, left eye twitching.

**

~Part 2 - Thrill Me~

**

* * * Vegeta's Story * * *

The young Prince grew to be cold and cruel. He was very proud and more arrogant than he had been before Bulma. Very rarely did he think of the blue haired girl, but when he did he chose to remember her as a weakness. He never let any emotions surface, save for hate, anger and amusement in suffering. He was his father's son, Vegetasei's Prince and their ticket to damnation.

* * * * *

At the age of 15, Vegeta had become the strongest Saiyan after his father. No trainer could get anywhere near his class, even if they attacked in groups. So overcome with the desire "no" need to fight, Vegeta sought permission to join on purging missions. King Vegeta refused, thinking his son was getting too cocky. He still needed to learn much more.

So it was on this day, angry with his father for not letting him leave, Vegeta was stalking through the Palace grounds, when he stumbled across the troops' training exercises.

"Bardock, what is your brat doing here?"

"He wanted to see how the troops trained, Nappa. I saw no harm in letting him come."

"Fine, but he better not interfere with the men."

An 11 year old boy was sitting off to the side, staring at the soldiers as they were sparring. One of the soldiers stopped as he took notice of him.

"Hey Radditz, what's your brat of a brother doing here?"

"He begged my dad to come. I guess he wanted to see what REAL fighting was like."

"Well, lets have some fun then. Hey Kakarotto! Come here, we got some moves we could show you."

The young boy looked up and smiled. He had wanted a chance to spar with some soldiers, his brother would never teach him anything. He quickly ran over to the soldier, Pomo.

"Ok, brat. Let's test how fast you are. You see those two soldiers over there? I want you to punch each one only once and then race back here. Don't worry about them being unprepared. We do this to each other all the time. Is everything clear?"

Kakarotto nodded eagerly. He was actually going to do a training exercise that elite soldiers do.

Pomo and Radditz looked over to the two unsuspecting soldiers and stifled a laugh. Kakarotto was going to be in for a surprise. Those two were the meanest and therefore, strongest, soldiers on the squad

Pomo told Radditz's brother to go and was in for a surprise as he saw the two soldiers suddenly double over and Kakarotto appear in front of him with a grin.

"Was I fast enough?"

"How in the world . . ."

"Hey, you!" Pomo looked up as he saw the two soldiers approach him. "What kind of prank are you trying to pull?"

"Hey, it wasn't me who sucker punched you. It was the brat."

"Wait, I only did it because Pomo said it was a training exercise."

"Who are you going to believe, the brat or me?"

The other soldiers stopped their training, as the arguing grew louder. They made their way over to the disturbance.

It wasn't clear on who threw the first punch, but pretty soon, everybody was getting into it. The dust from the ground flew up, obscuring Vegeta's view of the whole event. He could hear practically every hit that made contact. The dust started to settle and Vegeta could make out Kakarotto defending off four men. The brat was fast, and strong. Even hits that his opponents were blocking seemed to hurt them. He dodged in between each of his attackers and eventually managed to knock them out. Two of them happened to be the soldiers he had mistakenly sucker punched.

"ENOUGH!"

Everyone who wasn't unconscious immediately stopped their fighting. Nappa was looking angrily at each of the men.

"What's going on? I leave you to do simple exercises and come back to find . . . this."

Pomo spoke up. "This was all Kakarotto's fault. He interrupted the training and started the fight."

Nappa glared at the Saiyan boy. "Is this true?"

Kakarotto was too afraid to speak.

"I guess it is. Well then, what punishment should I dish out for you?"

"Hold it Nappa."

The group of soldiers suddenly hushed and bowed in respect to the figure that revealed itself.

"My Prince, what are you doing here?"

"That is no concern of yours Nappa. But don't you think it's a bit curious that an 11 year old boy was able to take out 4 of your elite warriors?"

"No sire, I didn't think . . ."

"That's right, you didn't think. Instead of trying to come up with stupid punishments, perhaps you should do your job and recognize hidden talent when you see it. This boy has had practically no training, but is fighting at a superior level. If you're not careful Nappa, he might get your job one day."

"I-I'm sorry."

"Stop your sniveling Commander. This boy, Kakarotto is it? Well, he will be my sparring partner from now on. He seems to be the only one of any potential these days. Come Kakarotto, we'll make plans for you to live in the Palace."

Kakarotto numbly followed as his brother and father watched in shock.

* * * * *

"So, Kakarotto, how do you feel?" Vegeta asked.

The 11 year old smiled, "I'm honoured and happy my Prince. I will not let you down."

"Wrong answer. Yes, you should be honoured I have chosen you, but remember, Saiyans don't have feelings. You should never show your emotions, except for maybe anger. Keep this in mind and you can only get stronger."

Kakarotto nodded at his first lesson.

* * * * *

Throughout the year, Kakarotto and Vegeta would train and spar everyday. Vegeta was shocked at how well Kakarotto would improve with each meeting. Within months, he was a challenge even for the Prince. A camaraderie was formed between the two and Kakarotto was completely loyal to Vegeta. He respected his power, his mind and his birthright. Vegeta couldn't help but be amused with the carefree Kakarotto. He was so Saiyan and then not. His power definitely ascertained his race but the way Kakarotto acted was not like any Saiyan Vegeta had ever met. He had this innocence about him, even though he loved to fight and was the youngest ever to survive a purging mission.

At first Vegeta was jealous of the power Kakarotto was showing. But then he assured himself that he was destined to be the strongest and he still had been stronger than Kakarotto at his age. Besides, even if the unthinkable were to occur, _which it would not_, but if it did and Kakarotto became the strongest, Vegeta knew the younger would still obey him. _He has sworn an oath to me and if anything, Kakarotto keeps his word._

Presently, the two Saiyans were heading for the throne room because the King had called upon them. They entered and were a bit startled

at the presence of Freeza.

"Father, what is this about?"

"Shut up brat, did I say you could speak? We called you both here because we have noticed that lately, your training has become routine and impractical. Freeza has offered the chance for the two of you to work for him." The King cast a wary glance at Freeza, but continued. "By going on purging missions you will have the opportunity to become stronger and quench your bloodlust rather than killing my servants. The Ginyu Squad started out this way and I'm sure you'll surpass even them."

Freeza spoke up, "I've been very impressed with both of your fighting skills. You know that these purging missions are important to both our empires and with our new alliance business has been booming. I thought it would be an experience neither of you would want to pass up."

Kakarotto remained silent, he would do whatever the Prince decided. "How long would we be under your service?"

"As long as you want Prince Vegeta. But once you decide to stop working for me, you would return to Vegetasei. I am the only way you can go offworld."

Vegeta smirked, "When do we start?"

* * * * *

They all were standing in a meeting room on Freeza's main space station. Vegeta and Kakarotto's first mission was a small planet in the Beta system. Their team included 10 soldiers and one of Freeza's personal guards, a blue skinned, green haired alien called Zarbon.

They boarded their ship and set in a course. Once they arrived, Zarbon told everyone to attack the Northern capitals first.

"Hold it! I'm the one in charge here, and I say the Southern capitals will give the least resistance," stated Vegeta.

"Excuse me, but I believe I am the highest ranking here and therefore am in charge," retorted Zarbon.

"I am Prince Vegeta and since I doubt you are a King, I have the highest rank. Freeza personally requested that Kakarotto and I accompany this mission. He knew that as Saiyans, we would obviously be natural leaders."

"I am Freeza's personal guard and have been in charge of these missions for a very long time. You are just a punk, teenage monkey Prince and have no experience in these matters."

"NO EXPERIENCE! I am the strongest Saiyan and destined to be the Legendary Super Saiyan, the greatest warrior in the universe. I was bred to be a fighter and could take your sorry, pansy ass out."

Zarbon flipped his braid over his shoulder, how he hated royalty.

"FINE! You and your fellow monkey can purge whatever part of the planet you want and when we return to the station, we'll enter the current tournament. If you're half as good as you say you are _Legendary_, then we will see each other in the finals."

* * * * *

The purge ended pretty quickly. Vegeta and Kakarotto had completed their half of the Planet within half an hour. Never had Vegeta felt so alive, the thrill of battle beckoning to him. While Kakarotto enjoyed defeating the planet's laughable forces, he strangely found no joy in the mass murder of the population. Not that he was going soft, he just thought it too easy to point and shoot.

Their attentions were quickly focused on the upcoming tournament. Vegeta and Zarbon kept away from each other on the way back to the station. As soon as they got back, they signed up and began their preliminary rounds. Kakarotto decided to go eat and rest until the exciting matches began.

* * * * *

Kakarotto hurried through the arena, he had overslept. Vegeta was fighting in the semi-finals and he wanted a good seat. Without paying attention to the people around him, it was inevitable that the collision would occur.

"Ouch," said the blue haired girl that Kakarotto had knocked over.

Without thinking, he blurted out "I'm sorry," and helped her to her feet.

"Will wonders never cease? A polite Saiyan! Who knew that you barbarians had the capacity to have manners?"

Kakarotto was about to retort, when he heard the crowd chanting Vegeta's name. _Aw man, I'm missing the best stuff._ He looked over to the girl but she seemed to be distracted, so he left.

He ran over to a railing and looked at the scene below. Vegeta stood in the center, barely scratched and grinning wickedly. His opponent was on his knees beside him, held up by the neck. Vegeta raised the loser in the air and with his free hand, he ripped off the opponent's head in one fast, smooth motion. The crowd went wild as Vegeta paraded around the ring.

"Prince Vegeta is declared the winner!" the announcer said. "The next and final match is between him and Zarbon. It will be no holds barred and begins in 30 minutes."

Kakarotto made his way down to the main level and found Vegeta.

"My Prince, great job. But are you sure you want to go through with this?"

"Are you questioning me Kakarotto?"

"No sire, but it's just that I heard that Zarbon's kind has the ability to transform. He has a higher energy level in that

state."

"Then I'll just defeat him before he can transform," Vegeta put simply.

* * * * *

Zarbon and Vegeta faced each other in the center of the arena.

"So the little Prince wants to play?" drawled Zarbon. "Well, monkey boy, it's time somebody taught that ego of yours a lesson."

Anger and hatred burned in the Saiyan's eyes. "I hope you enjoyed your last look in the mirror, pretty boy, because when I'm done with you, you won't ever want to look in one again."

The start of the match was announced and Vegeta blurred in behind Zarbon. He went in for a kick but Zarbon disappeared. Vegeta felt the attack coming from his left and he blocked it. Blow for blow was exchanged until Vegeta saw an opening. A well placed kick sent Zarbon across the arena as Vegeta charged his ki.

With lightning fast speed and never pausing a moment, the Saiyan Prince unleashed a barrage of ki balls towards Zarbon. The first couple hit dead on, but the blue alien recovered and deflected the rest.

He started to power up, when Vegeta hurled himself at him. Like a fluid dance, each attack was blocked, all ki repelled. Never had the audience seen such a match. Each opponent was determined to win, but alas, there could only be one victor.

Vegeta got hit in the stomach and crashed to the ground. The punch hadn't been that powerful, but Vegeta wanted to give Zarbon a false sense of security as he came in for the final blow. He waited for the attack, when something in the stands caught his eye.

—

Blue hair . . .

—

The momentary distraction was enough to give Zarbon the advantage. He noticed the preoccupied expression on the Prince's face and decided to make the blow count for all its worth. Recoiling his right fist, he jumped in the air and as the punch came pummeling down, Zarbon switched forms. Vegeta regained his senses just long enough to throw up his hands . . . but it was too late. Zarbon made contact and continued to punch, kick, and hurl Vegeta until he was a bloody pulp.

The Saiyan Prince landed with a dull 'thud' and Zarbon went over to him. Kneeling on one leg, he held Vegeta's head as he leaned in to speak.

"I believe your pride has been damaged enough. Know this monkey Prince, you will never defeat me. You may train and fight all you like, but I will always be stronger. You are a weakling, all Saiyans are and it's only a matter of time before Freeza finds you a

nuisance. So go back to your people and hide behind your stories of the _Legendary_, because that's all they are, stories. If the strongest of the Saiyans can't defeat me, how can they expect to surpass Freeza â€" the universe's strongest?"

Vegeta craned his neck slightly, and spit in Zarbon's face. Enraged, Zarbon rammed Vegeta's head into the ground, knocking him out. The announcer came on and proclaimed Zarbon the winner. Kakarotto came onto the field to take Vegeta to a regeneration tank, surprised that Zarbon hadn't killed him.

Freeza discovered what had taken place and reprimanded Zarbon in private. The Saiyans were still useful allies and easier to control when on amiable terms. He didn't want to give them any reason to rebel just yet.

After Vegeta recovered, Freeza, impressed with the speed that Vegeta and Kakarotto had purged the planet with, decided that all of Vegeta's purging missions would only include the two Saiyans. He also wanted to avoid any other confrontations like the one with Zarbon. This satisfied the Prince but he never forgot his humiliation at the hands of the green haired goon. Once again his weakness had haunted him and he decided that the only way to forget about it was to kill and destroy. He was strong, he was Saiyan. No stupid, long ago memory would ever make him weak again. That was his life for the next 10 years.

* * * * *

* * * Bulma's Story * * *

On the night of the so-called explosion at King Vegeta's Palace, Dr. Briefs carried his sleeping daughter to the ship of the tyrant known as Freeza. He had been informed that his services would be transferred to that of the horned alien. Briefs knew that the reason had something to do with his daughter and the Prince and though he knew it would break Bulma's heart, he was relieved to get as far away from the Saiyans as possible. He didn't know if he could trust this Freeza, but at least he wasn't the one responsible for the invasion of his homeworld.

They boarded the spacecraft and it took off almost immediately, heading towards Freeza's planet. As the ship was leaving the atmosphere, Bulma woke up and noticed the departure from Vegetasei. She jumped out of her father's arms and ran to the window.

"NOOOOOO! VEGETA!!!" she cried. Not being able to understand what was happening, Bulma slumped to the ground and let her tears fall. Her father knelt down next to her and tried to comfort her. But Bulma was stubborn and refused to have her own father touch her. All she knew was that she was being separated from her friend and she wouldn't see him again.

The rest of the trip, Bulma was silent. She had no idea where they were going, nor did she care. _Why am I always being taken from my home? Why am I always alone?_ She slowly drifted into a dreamless slumber forgetting about her troubles, if only for a while.

* * * * *

The blue haired girl woke to the sensation of being carried. She was inside another palace, much more colourful and extravagant than Vegeta's. _Is this my new home? _

--

Dr. Briefs noticed that his daughter was awake and he put her down, still holding on to her hand. They entered a spacious throne room and were greeted by their host.

Bulma looked at the alien in his hover chair, recognizing immediately who he was.

"Freeza!"

"Hello my child. It looks like we'll be seeing a lot more of each other."

Bulma smiled, hope building inside her, "Will Vegeta be coming here too?"

"Unfortunately, no. You see my dear, Saiyans are a very dangerous and unpredictable people, you and your father are safer here, with me.

She frowned, "But Vegeta's not like that . . ."

"He is their Prince," Freeza interrupted. "He is the most dangerous of all. Sure, he's just a child now but it won't be long until the bloodlust all Saiyans have, kicks in. Now be a good girl and go with Rega to your new room. I have some matters to discuss with your father."

Bulma held back her tears as she followed the servant out the door. _I miss Vegeta._ _I don't care what Freeza says, Vegeta would never hurt me . . . would he?_

--

"That's quite the little girl you have there," Freeza turned his attention back to the Chikyuu scientist.

"Yes she is."

"Well, let's get down to business. King Vegeta was very impressed with the work you were doing for him."

"The King is a pompous fool and the leader of a bastard race that needs to be taught a lesson. I suggest you stop your dealings with them, it's only a matter of time before they stab you in the back."

Thin lips spread into a wide smile. "I was hoping you'd say something like that."

* * * * *

Dr. Briefs walked beside the hover chair as Freeza brought him to the science compound. He was led into a lab that was under the tightest security and hidden from plain view.

"I can't imagine how it must have felt, good doctor, to be working for the ones who purged your planet and were responsible for your wife's death."

Briefs looked up sharply, "How did you know about that?"

"I know many things, but don't misunderstand me. I'm here to help you. I agree with you that something must be done about the Saiyans. They are getting out of hand. Now, I'm not going to lie about what I do. Half the galaxy views me as a tyrant, and in some ways I am. But I do have a plan for a new peaceful order and whether you believe me or not is your decision. I'm just giving you an opportunity to have . . . justice."

"You mean revenge?"

"Whichever term you prefer. But I just wanted to clear the air between us before we get started."

"And what will happen to my daughter?"

"I don't see why we have to bring her into this. She will get the education she so richly deserves, and no harm will come to her. She is quite brilliant for someone her age, you should thank me; the King wanted to kill her."

"As long as Bulma doesn't find out about what I'm doing, then I'll help you."

"Of course, why should she ever be exposed to such negative politics?"

Dr. Briefs felt like he was making a deal with the devil, but he wanted to make the Saiyans pay. "So, how can I help in delivering . . . justice?"

* * * * *

2 years passed and Bulma's mind showed no limit. Freeza had scientists and technicians from all over the galaxy brought in to teach Bulma. Occasionally she would help her father out in the lab but most of the time he would go off and work on a special project.

Every night she and her father would dine with Freeza, and the alien would ask her how her day went. Enthusiastically she would explain what she learned and expressed how she'd like to work in the lab soon. No other kids were around and from time to time she would think of Vegeta, but soon her studies took up all her attention.

Normally her father would join in on the conversation, but this particular night he was silent. He seemed to frown a lot whenever Freeza spoke and when dessert was over, he told Bulma to go to her room and wait for him there. She rose slowly and noticed her father approach Freeza just as she exited.

Bulma entered her room and got ready for bed. She climbed in and sat in the dark, waiting for her father. It wasn't until a couple of hours later that she heard the main door open. Dr. Briefs silently

entered her room and looked over at her bed.

"I'm still awake Daddy."

She saw him give a little smile as he approached her. He sat on her bed and encircled her in his arms. "You know you're my little angel right?"

"Of course Daddy."

"Every decision I ever made was for you my princess. If anything ever happens to me, I want you to know that I'll always love you."

"Don't be silly Daddy, what could happen?"

"I'm just saying IF sweetheart. I love you and I'll always be here," he pointed to her heart, "just like Mama."

She felt tears well up, "Do you miss her?"

"Yes, it still hurts, but I don't want you thinking about what happened. She is in a happy place now, watching over us."

"I love you Daddy," she said as she buried herself into his chest.

"I love you angel." Dr. Briefs hugged her tightly and released her. "I want you to go to sleep now. I understand you'll be working on a spaceship tomorrow so you'll need all the rest you can get."

Dr. Briefs stayed with his daughter until she fell asleep. He brushed a few strands of hair from her face and smiled sadly. _What have I done?_

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* * * * *

Bulma woke up at different intervals of the night. She swore she could hear her father talking, but then she would drift back to sleep. The fourth time, she awoke to a scream.

"DADDY!!!"

Jumping out of bed, Bulma dashed out of her room and into her father's. His blood has splattered behind him on the wall, and she saw the smoking hole in his chest.

"OH DADDY NO! NOOOOOOOOO!" She screamed and cried, and noticed the other presence in the room.

She cringed in fear as he started to laugh. Stepping into the light, she saw him clearly.

--

A Saiyan.

--

Her father's murderer started a ki ball, but stopped as his scouter beeped. He seemed to be listening to someone, and though he protested, the ki ball dissipated. The Saiyan sneered at the little girl and quickly left the room.

Bulma rushed to her father's side but knew he was already dead. She knelt by his body and gently hugged him.

She was still whispering "I love you Daddy," when Freeza's men found them.

* * * * *

She hadn't spoken in days. All of her father's belongings had been packed and put into storage. Bulma was sitting on the sofa, when Freeza entered.

"Care to take a walk?" he asked.

Silently she got up and left with him.

"Your father was a brilliant man, I am sorry for your loss," Freeza started. "You don't have to worry though, you will still remain here, all will be taken care of."

"Why?" Freeza was startled at the first word she had said since the incident.

"Well, you have talent and . . ."

"No, I mean why did this happen?"

"You know how much your father disliked the Saiyans. He must have ruffled some feathers because they sent an assassin after him. That's just the way they are. Killing is how they deal with problems."

Bulma squeezed her eyes tight. _First my mother, then my father. All this started on Chikyuu._ She opened her blue eyes and looked at Freeza, "I want to know the name of the Saiyan that was first sent to Chikyuu."

The force behind those words startled even Freeza, she sounded much older than she was. "Well, I don't see what the point in . . ."

"WHAT WAS HIS NAME?"

"Kakarotto." Freeza was impressed with her force.

She was silent for a moment as her lips pursed and her eyes narrowed. ". . . Kakarotto."

* * * * *

Years passed and Bulma was raised practically as Freeza's daughter. He was delighted in the way her mind worked and she designed him faster ships and better armour. In her eyes he was a great leader, paving a way for a peaceful universe that would eventually fall under his rule.

Freeza told her that the Saiyans went against his plans for peace, but it was necessary at this time to still be allied with them. She objected heavily to all the purging missions but he assured her that it was in the best interest for everybody. Still, when the news somehow caught up to Bulma about the murder of millions, she wouldn't speak to Freeza for days. He eventually convinced her it was the Saiyans' fault and then would hunt down the poor soul who had leaked the information to Bulma.

She was now 15 years old and blossoming into quite a woman. She stood at the docking port, saying her goodbyes to Freeza and his crew. He had some business to take care of but was coming back in a few days.

"Master Freeza we're ready to go." The blue form of Zarbon appeared at the door of the ship and he smiled when he saw Bulma below. He went down to greet her. "Well, do my eyes deceive me? What happened to the little girl from last week? She has now become a woman."

"Really Zarbon, must you exaggerate everything you say?"

He reached to kiss her hand. "I never exaggerate when it comes to beauty my dear. Freeza tells me you'll be coming to the station in a couple of days."

"Yes, I'm just checking up on the new science wing up there but then I'll be coming right back here."

"While you're up we should get together. I have a mission I must oversee, but then I'd be all yours."

Bulma was hesitant. "Well, I don't know, I mean I should really come back here and . . ."

"Oh, I get it. There's some scientist here that has caught your eye, ne? Now really, what's he got that I don't?"

"No, it's not like that."

"I'm not asking you to marry me or anything. I just thought we could have some fun. But I can see it in your eyes, you're mooning over somebody and if he can't see what a gorgeous, wonderful creature you are, then it's time to move on."

Bulma smiled weakly at him. "Maybe I'll see you there Zarbon, but I'm not making any promises."

"A chance, that's all I'm asking for. You'll make me very happy if I see you."

"_Really_ Zarbon, could you _try_ not to blatantly pick up my daughter right in front of me. It sickens me that this is what you do in your spare time."

"Now, Freeza-chan, he wasn't that bad, but maybe you could straighten him out a bit."

He winked in her direction, "I'll see what I can do." Bulma just

laughed and waved goodbye. She watched as the ship departed and then went back to her lab. She had to plan for her trip to the station.

* * * * *

The transport latched on to the docking bay, and Bulma stepped out onto the station. It was a hive of activity and Bulma looked in awe at all the aliens around her. Never had she seen so many different aliens in one place. She found her way to the science wing and made sure everything was in order. Her job lasted several hours but when she was done she decided to look around.

She noticed that a great crowd had gathered near the station's arena. She asked someone what was going on and they told her a tournament was underway. She had only seen a couple of tournaments before, but they never really interested her. However, they never drew this big a crowd either. She overheard that two incredibly powerful warriors had entered this time, and that it would definitely be a match between them. Bulma's curiositiy was piqued and she entered the arena.

* * * * *

"VEGETA! VEGETA! VEGETA!"

Bulma forgot about the Saiyan that knocked her over and looked towards the crowd. They were chanting the name of one of the competitors on the floor. She ran to a railing and looked below. That upswept hair, the cocky stature . . . it was him. Forgetting all about her hatred of the Saiyans, Bulma felt her heart skip a beat.

—

Vegeta.

She wanted to shout his name. Run to him. The Prince from her childhood, the reason she cried for days on end, he was right in front of her. Wait, what is he doing . . . oh Kami no . . . NOOOOOO!_ She watched in horror as he neatly sliced off his opponent's head. Bulma felt as if she would be sick as he started to parade in front of the crowd.

—

Typical Saiyan! Bulma bitterly thought. He was just like the others, only interested in satifying his blood lust. Tears started to form in her clear blue eyes_. He is not my Prince. That Vegeta died long ago, as did the little blue haired girl that befriended him. How foolish of me to have hope that I'd find him. I should have known better, he is a Saiyan after all._ She dried her eyes before spilling any tears. Zarbon was right, it's time to move on.

--

Zarbon found her just then, pleased that she came. He begged her to watch his fight.

"You know how I feel about such things Zarbon."

"My dear, how can you let me fight, while denying me your watchful

presence? Having you here will bring such luck."

"I'm sure you use that line on all the girls," scolded Bulma.

"Only the ones that have the stars jealous with their beauty, and so far, I only know of one such woman."

Bulma giggled. Zarbon was such a flirt, but he made her feel better. "Fine Zarbon, I'll watch for a little while, but I have to catch the next transport back to Freeza's Palace. Freeza will be coming to the station later today, so I have to get back and take care of things at home."

Zarbon gave an exaggerated sigh. "I guess that'll do, but may I request a kiss from my lady?"

Bulma blushed but kissed Zarbon on the cheek. "Now go," she said. "Your match starts soon. I'll see you in a couple of days. And Zarbon?"

"Yes?"

"Promise me you won't kill anyone."

". . . I promise."

* * * * *

She couldn't take it anymore. Both men looked like they were trying to kill each other. _This is ridiculous, it's like they're taking this personally._ She got up to leave just as Vegeta hit the ground. _I can't watch this anymore._ Bulma looked at her watch. She really had to leave, her transport was to depart in a couple of minutes. She could hear the various cheers of the crowd, but she didn't look back. Vegeta was part of her past. _He is Saiyan_, she thought regrefully. _He will never change_.

Bulma sighed as she just made it on to her ship. She looked out the port window at Freeza's space station. It was the hub of all space travel, Freeza's main base of command, and her future home in 10 years.

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3. Part 3 - Kiss Me

> <meta name="Generator"> ~Part 3 - Kiss Me~

Warning: This is a LEMON ALERT. The following story does contain sex but I would not have put it in had it not been important to the plot or characterization. I don't consider it too graphic but I rated it 'R' because I believe my readers are mature enough to decide if they wanted to read it or not. Oh and there's also some strong language content.

Note: I'm extremely sorry to all those who've passed out, holding their breath for the next chapter. I'm very busy (especially since it's Stampede time) and try to write each part within 2 weeks. Anyway, there's only one more to go. You've probably realized by now

that I'm using a U2 song for the part titles and 'My Pleasure My Pain' comes from the lyrics of Seal's 'Kiss From a Rose.' It was pointed out a while back that I'm using 'Batman' songs and yes I'm an idiot for not realizing it. Anyway, on with the story, and to all my reviewers, I love you guys.

**

~Part 3 - Kiss Me~

**

"What a weak planet. We should do them a favour and wipe them out of existance!"

"Vegeta, you know Freeza's orders. With the new peace policies, we aren't allowed to fight. We just get the Malgonians to sign the treaty as well as have them hand over a supply of almagamite."

"Being a Treaty Officer was not what I had in mind 10 years ago when I agreed to work for Freeza."

"No," agreed Kakarotto. "You wanted to kill and go offworld. Well, one out of two still isn't bad. Do you want to return to Vegetasei?"

"Dammit Kakarotto, why must you always be so reasonable?"

"I just like to point out our options. Come, I believe the Malgonian King is waiting."

"I swear if I ever find out who gave Freeza that stupid idea on peace policies . . ."

The two Saiyans entered the Palace. Vegeta sneered at the guards as they were led to King Malgo's throne room. The short, purple alien stood as they entered. He was exceedingly nervous and didn't trust Saiyans. As such, he had many guards hidden in case they tried to pull anything.

"Freeza tells me that you have something he wants," started Vegeta.

"Yes, here is a supply of almagamite," the King gestured to a box in front of him. "It is extremely rare and potent, but we will continue to mine it for Freeza, provided we are not slaves."

"Fine, here is the peace treaty. You will become part of Freeza's Empire and continue to function as now." Kakarotto stepped forward with the electronic treaty, ready for King Malgo's thumb print. Vegeta just stood with his arms crossed, frowning that he had been reduced to a _diplomat_.

When all was completed, Kakarotto hoisted the box of almagamite up and he and his Prince started to exit. Hidden in the rafters above were two Malgonian soldiers poised with their guns. A slight breeze came in, tickling one of their noses. The soldier tried to control his body's urge to sneeze, but couldn't hold it in. As his body convulsed, he accidentally pulled the trigger and a shot was fired,

heading towards the taller Saiyan.

Kakarotto, sensing something coming at him, flared his ki just in time as the ball of light hit him, causing him to drop the box.

Vegeta turned with interest. _So, they have guns that can shoot ki. Looks like I'll be able to have fun after all._

All of this happened in mere seconds, for the moment Kakarotto was hit, a series of triggers were pulled and the Saiyans could do nothing but retaliate.

* * * * *

Vegeta and Kakarotto went back to their ship with the almagamite.

"That turned out better than I expected," the Prince grinned.

"Who would have thought that a ki-less race could've given us such a challenge?"

Vegeta paused as if he were remembering something. "Sometimes, intelligence makes up for weakness," he said soberly.

"I'll say, those weapons were something else. I think the best part was when the army was called in. I've never had so much fun dodging and shooting as today. And the way the citizens ran, their fear gave me such a sense of power."

"Sometimes you surprise me Kakarotto. For one moment you can seem so . . . _Saiyan_ and at other times, I don't know what you are. Like when you suggested I spare the lives of the civilians. I swear, if you weren't such a great sparring partner, I'd kill you myself."

Kakarotto lowered his head. "Forgive me my Prince. I just don't see the point in killing weaklings. I wish to have some sort of challenge or the death is meaningless. I won't question you again in the future."

Vegeta sighed. The only time Kakarotto was this reverent was when he truly was sorry. Perhaps there _was_ a method to his thinking, but trying to tame a Saiyan's bloodlust was damn near impossible.

Just then, the ship's commlink beeped. Vegeta told Kakarotto to take the ship into orbit as he went to answer the hail.

"JUST WHAT THE HELL DID YOU THINK YOU WERE DOING?!!!" an angry woman's voice came through the intercom.

"Excuse me?" Vegeta was stunned by the woman's lack of respect.

"What happened to the peaceful negotiations? Why the Hell did the Malgonians send out a distress signal?"

"I'm surprised that they even had time to call out for help. But I guess when facing a Saiyan, you would need all the help you can

get."

"Saiyan? I should have know you bastards would screw this up."

"Woman, I wouldn't say such things if I were you."

"Why? Because you'll come over here and kill me? That's a Saiyan's answer to everything. Well, Freeza will be none too impressed with you, you just violated the new peace policies. There was to be NO purging but I guess your Saiyan brain is too small to comprehend that."

"First of all, woman, they were the ones that opened fire. Saiyans will not just sit back and allow themselves to be targeted. Secondly, I will not tolerate such insolent remarks from you. You should learn to respect your superiors."

"Listen you Saiyan ass, maybe you didn't catch the memo, but around here Freeza gives the orders and he expects them to be followed. The next time you want to feel all big and manly by killing people to compensate for your inadequate penis, I suggest you do it on YOUR HOMEWORLD!"

"DAMMIT WOMAN! I AM THE PRINCE OF SAIYANS AND I WILL NOT BE TREATED THIS WAY!"

A slight pause, ". . . Prince Vegeta?"

"Ah, now you recognize me. I guess you will apologize for your impertinent remarks. Well go ahead, I do like the sound of begging, but I can't guarantee I'll forgive you."

"Why you . . . I could care less what your title is. A Saiyan is a Saiyan is a Saiyan. You're all nothing but a bunch of stupid monkeys who take pleasure in the suffering of others because it makes you feel strong. You are barbarians who have no soul, no class, and no honour. As far as I'm concerned, THIS CONVERSATION IS OVER!!!"

The vein in Vegeta's forehead started to bulge as the line went dead. "Why that insolent little bitch . . . Kakarotto, where did that transmission come from?"

"From Freeza's space station. We're heading there right after we stop at Vermidia."

"NO! We're going there right now. I've got to teach someone a lesson."

* * * * *

Their ship docked into the station's port and Vegeta exited quickly. "Where in the station did the transmission come from Kakarotto?"

"I believe the science wing."

The Saiyan Prince's eyes blazed in fury the closer he got to his destination. Kakarotto followed behind him, glad he was not the object of the Prince's anger. Vegeta stopped outside the doors, then blasted them open.

"Where is the contemptuous bitch that dared to disrespect me?" he demanded as the scientists all cowered in fear.

"Right over here." Vegeta turned his head to see a blue haired beauty step out of the shadows.

He was quiet for a moment as his breathing slowed down. "_You_ . . ."

"Oh, and I don't appreciate being called _woman_, I do have a name you know."

Vegeta quickly regained his senses. "I didn't care to learn your name as a child so why should I care what it is now?" He had struck a nerve as Bulma's face faltered. "So you are still alive, I should've known. My father wanted to get rid of my weakness but your father was still useful. Goes to show how weak my father is. Had it been me, I would have killed you all."

Bulma couldn't take it anymore. "DAMMIT Vegeta! Have you no heart? You didn't use to be this way, but now you're just like the rest of the Saiyan trash."

Kakarotto intervened. "Do not use such a tone of voice with the Prince. You should give him the respect he deserves."

"Kakarotto, I do not need you to defend me from this harpy."

Bulma went ballistic. "KAKAROTTO?!! PURGER OF CHIKYUU?!! I will make you pay for what you did to my people." She ran to pounce on the shocked Saiyan, but was caught in mid air.

"Let me go dammit." She struggled in an amused Vegeta's arms.

"Well Kakarotto, it seems you have a fan." Bulma hissed at him as she tried to claw Vegeta. "Maybe it would be best if you left. Go see if our quarters are ready." Kakarotto just nodded and stole one last glance at Bulma before he left.

"Calm down woman. Behaving this way will get you nowhere."

"I demand justice." Bulma sobbed into Vegeta's chest. The Saiyan looked around uneasily, he was quite uncomfortable with the sudden mood swings of the female in his arms.

He gently detached her from him. "Woman, don't take it personally. We are Saiyan, we purge all the time, even for Freeza. Kakarotto was but an infant when he was sent to Chikyuu. Just let it be." Vegeta was uncharacteristically trying to soothe Bulma, but his words only made her angrier. Before she could retort, Zarbon walked in.

"Well, well, well, the monkey Prince has returned. Did you come for another beating because I would be more than happy to wipe the floor with your face again. Oh, but I guess I have to wait until Freeza is done with you first. He's on his way here now, I doubt he'd be too happy to learn about the way you handled your mission."

Vegeta forgot about Bulma and lunged at Zarbon. 10 years definitely gave Vegeta the advantage over Zarbon's first form. He pounded him

senseless goading him to transform so they could finish what was started so long ago. But Zarbon wouldn't transform, not in front of Bulma. The last time he had done that, he had slept alone for a week.

"Vegeta, no, stop it. STOP IT!" Bulma screamed as she tried to get Vegeta away from Zarbon. The Saiyan stopped and looked smugly down at the battered alien.

"You IDIOT, what have you done?" Bulma cried as she rushed to Zarbon's side.

"Woman, what is it to you whether he lives or dies?" Vegeta questioned.

"Baka, he is Freeza's personal guard and . . . and . . . he is my betrothed."

Vegeta's eyes darkened as he looked from Bulma to Zarbon and then he turned on his heel and walked out the door.

* * * * *

Vegeta went to see if his quarters were set up. He would be staying at the station until his next mission. The image of the blue haired Chikyuu native entered his mind, but he quickly dismissed it. The intercom then came on.

"Prince Vegeta, Lord Freeza has arrived at the station and he wishes to speak with you."

Vegeta sighed and then acknowledged that he was coming. He exited his room and went to Freeza's office. When he entered, he handed over the box of almagamite that they had received.

"Ah excellent my Prince. When we are done here you can take that down to the science department. Speaking of which I hear you had a run in with my head scientist today. It must have been quite a shock to see your childhood friend, ne?"

"I have no such use for friends."

"Well, yes, but I just wanted you to know that it had been your father's original intention to get rid of her. I merely suggested that she and her father be transferred into my service. Technically, I _saved_ her."

"Why are you telling me this?"

"I remember how close you both were when you were younger. I don't wish for you to harbour any bad feelings towards me because of her."

"I could care less about the woman. She is weak and of no interest to me."

"Ahh, you are wrong, she is quite useful. Over the years I have come to think of Bulma as a daughter to me. She is quite brilliant â€" a tactical genius, but then again, you already knew that. Her notions of peace should be listened to."

"Bulma?" Vegeta said the name in distaste. "She is the one behind these new peace policies?"

Freeza smiled. "Like any other parent, I like to see my children happy. She does raise good ideas, but I will be honest with you. You and me Vegeta, we are alike in so many ways. We are warriors first, and Bulma has no idea what that's like. So while I'm disappointed that the treaty fell through, unofficially I am happy with the way you handled the purge. I didn't trust the Malgonians and am thrilled to be rid of them. However this will just remain between you and me."

Vegeta just nodded at what Freeza was telling him.

"Good, now take the almagamite to Bulma, she should be expecting it." As Vegeta left, Freeza breathed a sigh of relief. He didn't want to anger the Prince just yet.

* * * * *

Zarbon had healed quickly and was in Bulma's room. He asked how she knew Vegeta.

"I knew Vegeta for a very brief time in my childhood. We had been . . . close, I guess. But he turned out to be a typical Saiyan. And now he comes here with Kakarotto of all people!" Her fiance held her close until she calmed down.

"I'm still kind of sore, I think I'll have a bath," Zarbon stated as he broke the silence.

Bulma scowled, "Are the servant girls going to help you?"

"I assure you my love, they mean nothing to me. It's just their duty to bathe others and I for one find it relaxing. Although, I can think of someone else I'd rather bathe with," Zarbon grinned as he went to unbutton her shirt.

The intercom beeped and a lab assistant's voice came on. "Uh, sorry to disturb you Bulma-san but there is an angry Saiyan down here, demanding your presence."

Bulma sighed knowing exactly who it was and then grew angry. "FINE, tell him I'll be right down." She left Zarbon and made her way to the lab. She was greeted with an upset Vegeta.

"Woman, I do not appreciate waiting here for you. Freeza said you'd be here and that is what I expected." He thrust the minerals at her.

"Oh, I'm sorry Mr. All High and Mighty. I apologize for the fact that I had to tend to my fiance whom you so relentlessly beat up, and then kept you waiting so you could give me some minerals."

"Are you mocking me?"

"Oh nooooooo your highness I would never think to do such a thing."

"Dammit, woman, Freeza should have punished you for such insolence a long time ago. You are nothing but a spoiled brat."

"_I'm_ spoiled?"

"Well, now at least we agree on something."

"Listen you monkey, I don't know why Freeza tolerated with your ego for so long but that ends now. You are nothing but a lackey. Strongest of the Saiyans â€" maybe, but what is a Saiyan compared to the strength of Freeza?"

Vegeta spun violently, "I AM NO ONE'S LACKEY! What I do is by choice. I work for Freeza because I _like_ to purge. I _like_ to fight. I _like_ to use my power and make sure I am the last thing people see before they pass on to the next world. I never feel more alive than when I take the life of another. The taste of blood, the stench of death, there is _nothing_ more appealing to a Saiyan."

"You disgust me!"

Vegeta laughed, "_I_ disgust _you_?! At least I am not the whore of a green haired goon. Although pretty boy is so in love with himself, I hardly see why he'd find you useful." Vegeta turned to walk out the door.

"At least I _have_ somebody," Bulma shot back as she followed him down the halls. "You will never have anybody. You'll be alone forever. You're cruel, heartless, ruthless . . . no one could ever love you."

"You think I care about such things woman? Emotions are for the weak," he turned and gave her a look that sent shivers down her spine. "I am strong and in time I _will_ be the strongest. No stupid feelings could ever take hold of me."

"You're serious aren't you. You don't care about anything," Bulma said softly. "What happened to you Vegeta?"

"Nothing _happened_ to me woman, I just saw the light that's all. A six year old boy hardly knows what's best for himself, I just learned how to survive. Now, apparently I've heard that you are some sort of genius, but in 20 years don't you think you could've learned to appropriately address royalty? I am _Prince_ Vegeta and you should learn to respect me."

"WHAT?! At least I call you by your name. I am not _woman,_ I AM BULMA. And until you can respect me I won't give you the satisfaction of addressing you by your royal title."

By that time, they had reached Vegeta's chambers where a group of scantily clad female slaves were waiting at the door. "Oh Prince Vegeta, we were wondering if you would be in need of our bathing services or _anything_ else that might cross your mind."

Vegeta looked at them in disgust. "I have no need of you whores. Find someone else who might be desperate, but just GO!" he sneered then looked at Bulma. "That applies to YOU too." Before she could respond, he slammed his door in her face.

* * * * *

Bulma was still in a foul mood when she got to Zarbon's. She entered his room and caught him in one of his bathing sessions. She stood there for five minutes. Zarbon was too preoccupied with the women lathering him that, that was how long it took for him to notice Bulma. When he finally did see her, she was in the process of slamming his door with incredible force.

She walked about aimlessly until she got to the observation lounge. Looking at the ships come and go always calmed her down a bit. However, luck was not with her as she saw Kakarotto at one of the tables, looking out the window at the stars.

A female slave walked by him and dropped her tray.

"You stupid idiot. You're nothing but a worthless slave," a man behind the bar screamed. He came out to strike her but was stopped by Kakarotto. The Saiyan warned him in a low voice to leave, and the man complied. He then helped up the slave who left in a hurry, keeping her head low as she wouldn't look at the Saiyan in the eye.

Bulma was astonished and curious to this apparent contradiction in Saiyan behaviour. She walked up to Kakarotto and sat across from him. Kakarotto was startled at her presence, considering how she behaved at their previous meeting, and he waited for Bulma to start the conversation.

"Why did you just do that? As a Saiyan, I would have thought that you would have been the one to strike her for disturbing your thoughts or something like that."

"I hate to disillusion you, but I am a true warrior. I fight worthy opponents not weaklings. I only get joy from a challenge, none was presented here."

"If that is true then why do you go on purging missions? Why not just fight in tournaments?"

"I am but a third class soldier. I am loyal to my Prince and follow his orders. Besides, I am a Saiyan and I crave battle. A planet may be full of weaklings, but together they may prove a challenge, and that is what I desire. I know I am not like most Saiyans; it's true they are brutal murderers. But we are all born with a bloodlust and that must be satiated."

"I don't believe that to kill is in anyone's DNA. You must be raised that way."

"I was but a newborn when I purged Chikyuu. I had yet to come into contact with other Saiyans, save for technicians so I was not _taught_ to kill."

Bulma looked at Kakarotto, not sure if that was an apology or not. He definitely did not _seem_ like any other Saiyan she had encountered; he spoke with intelligence. "Perhaps if the Saiyan Empire embraced Freeza's peaceful reign, they wouldn't be so prone as to seek out death."

Kakarotto snorted, "Freeza is the worst of all. He is definitely a

powerful being but he just sits back and gives the orders to execute different planets. He gets us to do his dirty work for him."

Bulma was about to argue with him when Zarbon entered.

"Bulma, my Baby Blue, I am so sorry. I promise I will make amends. I didn't realize that my slave baths bothered you so much and I am at fault for that. You mean too much to me and I swear, I will never have another one again."

Bulma almost smiled at how pathetic Zarbon looked. He truly was sorry. "Fine Zarbon, I accept your apology." The blue alien grinned as he picked up his love and brought her back to his quarters. Kakarotto could only stare at what had transpired but quickly forgot about it as his stomach grumbled.

* * * * *

The next day, a female delegate by the name of Mokra came to the station. She was interested in buying a planet and so Vegeta and Kakarotto were called in to discuss the next purging mission. They entered the meeting room and also saw Zarbon and Bulma present.

Vegeta noticed how Bulma was frowning as Mokra talked and flirted with Zarbon. He smirked.

Pretty soon they got down to business and Mokra detailed what she wanted to be done. She gave the specs as to which planet, what she needed intact and when she needed it by. Of course, that last point didn't phase the Saiyans for they could purge in a matter of hours.

"So what do you want to be done about the planet's population?" Bulma asked.

Mokra looked at her coolly, "Kill them for all I care. I have more than enough slaves and they would just take up more room. Zarbon?" she linked her arm with his. "Do you think you could show me around and walk me to my quarters? This station is just awfully huge and I wouldn't want to get lost."

Zarbon glanced at Bulma then smiled at Mokra. "Uh, of course. It is my duty to see that Freeza's clients are well looked after."

"I hope you mean that," she giggled. She then brushed past a seething Bulma, dragging Zarbon out the door with a possessive hold on him.

She glanced at Vegeta who was trying to conceal his laughter, and then to his companion who was having a harder time. "Not ONE word."

Vegeta composed himself, "Why woman, whatever do you mean? Surely you don't think I'd mention how your fiance is going to get laid tonight and you aren't. Oops I just did." He laughed arrogantly.

"At least somebody's getting laid tonight! You probably rejected those bathing sluts yesterday because you wouldn't know what to do with a woman once you had her!"

Vegeta's eyes grew very dark as he stepped closer to her, his breath warm on her face. "I would watch what you say woman," he said menacingly. "There are certain lines you do not cross when talking to a man. And just because I do not jump at the chance to bathe with whores like your boyfriend, who just left with another woman I might add, does not mean I am inexperienced in such areas."

Bulma summoned all her courage to stare right back at Vegeta unphased, though inside she was shaking at what he said. Vegeta continued to hold her gaze and for one brief second, wanted to drown in her eyes.

Kakarotto, who noticed the sudden tension in the room, broke the silence. "Hey Vegeta, I think there are some fights going on today. What say we go watch a few and relax before we head out tomorrow?"

Vegeta gave one last glare to Bulma and nodded his approval to Kakarotto.

* * * * *

A couple of hours later, Zarbon entered his room, surprised to see Bulma waiting.

"What are you doing here Baby Blue?"

"Oh I'm sorry, did you have other plans? Far be it for me to rain in on your fun."

"What are you talking about?"

"Who do you think I'm talking about. You only spent the entire afternoon with her," Bulma accused.

"Mokra? Nothing happened Bulma, I was just being friendly. I'm polite to all clients."

"Well how polite is it to forget a lunch date with your FIANCEE?"

"Oh geez, I'm sorry Bulma, I'm sorry. Time just passed so quickly . . ."

"SAVE IT! You obviously enjoy her company more than mine."

"Ok, now you're just being childish and petty. I love you remember?"

"Mokra was all over you. How do you expect me to feel? If you loved me then you would've come to me. You didn't, so why don't you go be with the one you want."

Zarbon grew angry at Bulma's attitude. "SO MAYBE I WILL! Right now, Mokra, or just about anybody else, would be better company than YOU." He then stalked out of his room.

Bulma started to cry. _So anybody else would be better company? I'll show him, I'll beat him at his own game._ She decided to get even.

Bulma knew how desireable she was, half the soldiers on the station would always drool as she walked by. She never paid any attention to them before because of Zarbon, but if he was going to be with someone else tonight, she was going to have some fun too!

* * * * *

The Chikyuu native entered the bar and smiled slyly. She looked around and saw a group of soldiers sitting in the corner. Sashaying up to them, Bulma smiled and asked if any of them wanted to buy her a drink. At first they were stunned; they knew she was the adoptive daughter of Freeza and engaged to Zarbon. But one look at the hunger in her aqua eyes and they were all fighting over who would be the one to buy her a drink.

Bulma just laughed as she watched the soldiers scramble, but grew cold as a clammy hand grabbed her arm. She turned and came face to face with a hideous red alien.

He brought his face close to hers, "My dear, while these boys are preoccupied, what say we go somewhere more quiet?"

Bulma almost vomited at his rancid breath. "No thank you, I am quite fine staying right here."

He tightened his grip, "Oh but I insist."

She struggled as he pulled her to him. "I said NO!"

"Listen bitch, if you want to stay alive you're coming with me."

"I suggest you let the woman go."

The red alien turned around to see a smirking Vegeta. "Sorry, but I don't like to share. Go find your own slut, I think there are some whores over there who will do just about anybody, even Saiyans."

At these words, Vegeta became enraged and within a split second, snapped the alien's neck. His cold, ebony eyes then turned to focus on Bulma. "Woman, just what the Hell did you think you were doing?"

"I had everything under control," she said coolly. "I don't appreciate you following me."

"I was already in here when you entered woman. I watched how you made a fool out of yourself in front of those weakling soldiers. You're asking for trouble coming into a place like this."

"Those weakling soldiers don't seem to share your opinion of me. We were having fun until that red freak and you showed up. And it just so happens I know exactly what I am doing."

"Oh really?" he said smugly. "I take it then that Zarbon is grazing in other pastures tonight."

A dark look flashed in Bulma's eyes but quickly passed. "I came here to have fun tonight Vegeta. You do remember what fun is?" She looked him directly in the eye. "These soldiers just happen to know what a real woman is and how to satisfy her. But you wouldn't know anything

about that, would you?"

Vegeta just growled as she stepped closer a small smile playing on her lips. "Well, _Prince_ Vegeta, are you man â€" no â€" Saiyan enough to handle me?" Her voice became low and sensuous, her breath tickling the hairs on his neck. At that point, almost everyone in the bar had stopped to take notice as to what was happening between the human and Saiyan. Vegeta's face grew hot as he felt the eyes of everyone on him.

Bulma stood in front of him for a moment then backed off, tilted her head back and laughed. "I didn't think so." The room erupted into laughter and Vegeta grew in fury.

Not being able to stand the vision of the laughing human in front of him, he grabbed her, flung her over his shoulder and marched out the door, much to the protest of the drinking soldiers.

"Vegeta what the Hell are you doing," Bulma struggled against him.

"Shut up woman, I've had enough of your insolence."

He carried her down the hall much to the dismay of passerbys. The Prince slowed as he came to his room, kicked the door open and entered. He brought her kicking and screaming into the bathroom, turned on the shower and tossed her under the cold water.

"That should cool you down you wench."

Bulma sputtered under the water, screaming in frustration as she turned off the faucet. Vegeta just laughed and went back to his room. She tried to get up, but slipped, so she ripped off her boots. Furious at being rejected and humiliated, a devilish smile crossed her face. _Oh no Vegeta, this time I win. I'll show you who has the upper hand._

--

Stepping out of the bathroom, she saw Vegeta by the desk. Bulma unfastened her dress and let it drop, leaving only her underwear. She seductively walked over to Vegeta, her hips swaying ever so slightly. "You still didn't answer my question. Would you be able to handle me?"

Vegeta's eyes widened at the sight of her, his lust and hate battling it out inside of him. "Woman," he whispered. "You don't know what you're getting into."

"Then why don't you show me." She removed her bra.

Within less than a second, Vegeta had removed his armour, shirt and gloves and was crushing Bulma to him as he enveloped her in a kiss. A small groan escaped her mouth as he gently sucked on her lower lip and then moved his way downward. Pausing at her neck, Vegeta summoned all his self-control so as not to bite her. He then moved lower to anoint her glorious breasts and lower still.

His warm mouth on her cool skin was making Bulma go crazy. The sensations were new and pleasurable to her for Zarbon never indulged

in foreplay. Vegeta once again claimed her lips with his own, and she started to massage the base of his tail. That was all it took as he carried her to the bed, removing his pants and tearing off her underwear in the process. He gently laid her down, then stopped to gaze at her naked body. His lips quirked upwards, then he kissed her again as he positioned himself above her.

The thrusts were hard and powerful. Rough like a savage beast, but she had expected nothing less from her Saiyan Prince. Each thrust was never hard enough to hurt her; Vegeta seemed to know just what her limit was. Her legs wrapped around his waist as he delved deeper and deeper and she clung to him as they climaxed together. Bulma fell back on to the pillow panting and Vegeta supported himself above her, still inside.

He stared at her for the longest time and then gently nipped her nose. Bulma smiled at him though his face was expressionless. He brought a hand up and brushed her matted hair out of her face. Vegeta lowered his head to kiss Bulma again, and began to thrust more slowly and gently. For the longest time they built up their gentle rhythm, Bulma moaning as Vegeta held her hip, stroked her breasts and nibbled on her earlobes. Her moans intensified until she finally screamed his name and he grunted in her ear and they held each other close as their orgasms racked their bodies.

Slowly, Vegeta pulled out and rolled off of Bulma. He stretched then brought her to him, his tail sweeping up and down her thighs. His arms surrounded her and held her close as she snuggled into his side. Vegeta buried his face into Bulma's silky hair, breathing in her essence. He sighed then fell asleep.

Bulma craned her neck to see the face of her sleeping Prince. He had a somewhat content expression. Bulma smiled and kissed his chin. Never had she felt such pleasure or passion before. And now, wrapped in his arms, her world finally seemed to make sense. She cuddled up even closer to him, never had she felt so . . . happy. With these thoughts, and feeling safe in the arms of her lover, Bulma fell asleep.

* * * * *

Bulma slowly woke up and felt big strong arms encircle her from behind. She smiled as she was pulled against a hard body and looked down.

—

Blue arms? Bulma frantically looked at her surroundings. _I'm in my room_. She turned around.

"ZARBON?!"

"Good morning love, or should I say good afternoon? You never sleep in, what did you do that tired you out so much?" He smiled as he brought her closer.

Quickly overcoming her shock, Bulma spoke, "What the Hell are you doing here?"

"I came by late last night to apologize but you were already

sleeping. I just wanted to hold you my Baby Blue."

"And where is Mokra?"

Zarbon nuzzled her. "I'm so sorry about last night, but I swear, nothing happened. She means nothing to me, _you're_ the one I love. Please forgive me!"

The blue alien continued to hold her, not noticing how her body didn't respond. Bulma sighed, "Fine Zarbon, I forgive you. I know you can't lie to me, but please go. I'm late for work and I need to change."

Zarbon chuckled, "What's all the modesty for? It's not like I've never seen you naked."

"Please, just GO!"

—

I guess she's still a little upset with me. "Ok Baby Blue, I'll leave," he kissed her forehead, "but I'll see you later." Zarbon then gathered his clothes, changed and left.

Bulma changed, confused as to what happened last night. _Vegeta where are you? We have to discuss this_. She then left to find her Prince.

* * * * *

Vegeta looked over the final plans of the purge. He just couldn't concentrate as his thoughts drifted back to Bulma.

He had awoken in the middle of the night with Bulma nestled into his side. He stared at her for the longest time and reached to stroke her face and kiss her temple.

All of a sudden, he had stopped himself. He realized the vulnerable position he was in and cursed himself for his weakness. Yes, he remembered, she was always a weakness, and getting too close would only bring pain.

He had disentangled himself from Bulma, trying not to look at how the starlight played with her hair and body. Vegeta had quickly dressed, wrapped her in a sheet and carried her to her room undetected. He had left just as he saw Zarbon coming down the hall.

Snapping back to the present, Vegeta frowned at the plans. He heard the door open and looked up to see Bulma enter.

Obsidian eyes stared at her as she nervously approached Vegeta.

"So," she spoke softly, her angelic voice tickling Vegeta's ears. "What happens now?"

The Saiyan Prince looked blankly at Bulma and didn't utter a sound.

She continued, "I mean, last night was amazing and special. I just

want to know where we stand."

Vegeta narrowed his eyes and crossed his arms. "Of course last night was amazing woman, I am the Saiyan Prince. You wanted a good fuck and I gave it to you. I admit, it was fun but it meant nothing to me."

Bulma's jaw dropped in shock and Vegeta turned his back to her, not bearing to see the look on her face.

Filled with pain and hurt, Bulma turned to leave, but then stopped and looked back.

"I don't believe you!"

She went to face him, tears in her eyes. "I know you care for me Vegeta. You may say you don't but your actions last night betray your words. So accept it Vegeta, you care for me just as I . . . I care for you."

Vegeta grabbed her, murder in his eyes. Bulma choked back a sob as he raised his right hand. He wanted to yell and scream at her, tell her she was wrong, that he didn't want her, that she was weak. But he couldn't do it, so he lowered his hand to run it through her hair, and brought her head in for a kiss.

Bulma's knees almost buckled but Vegeta held her tightly to him. As their heads bobbed in rhythm, Bulma let out a moan against his mouth and her right hand found its way to the base of his tail. While she rubbed and stroked the soft fur, Vegeta purred as he slowly made a path of kisses to her neck. Losing all self-control and for once, giving in to his emotions, he sank his teeth into her neck. Bulma's body racked in pleasure as he lapped up her sweet blood.

Wanting to return the favour, Bulma made her way to Vegeta's neck and started to gnaw. He sighed in ecstasy, then realized what Bulma was doing. Before she could break his skin, Vegeta pulled back. He looked at her startled expression and then noticed his bite marks on her neck. NO!

--

Vegeta pushed Bulma away with such force, sending her sprawling to the ground.

"LEAVE! Get out of here NOW! You are nothing but a weakness to me, just like when we were children. I . . . I NEVER want to see you again. You will always be a reminder of the weakling I could've become. Just GO!"

Bulma ran out crying, not believing what had just occurred. Vegeta silently stood there and squeezed his eyes shut. No, not again.

* * * * *

Bulma sat in the observation lounge and watched as Vegeta and Kakarotto's ship left.

Freeza came by and noticed how upset Bulma was. "What's wrong my child?"

"I . . . I thought that I had misjudged the Saiyans. I mean, to say they're all bad is a bit rash. You would think that they had some redeeming qualities. But no, I had been right all along, they're nothing but cruel and heartless bastards."

"Come, let's take a walk." Freeza led Bulma to his office.

"You know my child, your father felt that way too. He had been doing some research on how to take care of the Saiyans." Freeza tapped a code into his console and a hidden drawer was revealed. Inside was a library of vid Cd's and pages of research. Bulma grabbed one of the books and leafed through it, recognizing her late father's handwriting.

"Why would you want to get rid of the Saiyans? I thought they were your allies."

"My dear, one must always be prepared. I too thought that they could change, but I have been disappointed time and time again."

"Why would my father agree to this? He always told me that violence was never the answer."

"Oh, my child, look at it through his eyes. _Saiyans_ took over Chikyuu, _Saiyans_ killed your mother, _Saiyans_ uprooted him to Vegetasei and in the end, it was a _Saiyan_ who killed him."

Bulma looked at the books again. "This research is incomplete."

"Yes, your father was still working on it right before he, ah . . . passed on."

A look of resolve overcame Bulma's face. "Freeza-san, I want to complete my father's work, finish what he set out to do. I want to do the universe a favour and rid it of the plague that are the Saiyans!"

* * * * *

4. Part 4 - Kill Me

> <meta name="Generator"> Warning: You're reading a story from a student who barely passed high school physics

Warning: You are reading a story from a student who barely passed high school physics. Please do not comment to tell me that 'this' or 'that' cannot possibly happen. This is MY world so therefore I have my own laws of physicsâ€|.uh yeaaaaaaaah. Oh, and I sucked at Chemistry too. Let's just say I'm not a 'science' person (we won't even get into Biology).

Note: This takes place EXACTLY where Part 3 left off. Bulma decided to continue her father's work to get rid of the Saiyans. Oh yes, a big thanks to Donna and her numerous emails on when the next part would be coming out. She got me on track. Oh and Michika, you never specified _which_ Sunday you wanted this part out by, and even though it's Monday morning, I did finish this at the last possible second

Sunday night ::hangs head in shame::. I've completed my story, now I want to read the end of 'If I dreamed.'

Domo Arigatou Mr. Roboto and to all my reviewers.

**

~Part 4 - Kill Me~

** __

Perfect. Freeza gave a sly smile. All was going according to plan. He would finally be rid of those monkeys, all it had taken was a little patience. "Are you sure you want to do this?" He turned his attention back to the _daughter_ he had raised for over 15 years.

Bulma gritted her teeth, "YES! Throughout my life, the greatest pains inflicted on me were always caused by a Saiyan. This ends now!"

"Excellent my child, those Saiyans were always a nuisance."

"Wait, I don't understand. Aren't you the strongest being in the universe? Why did you need my father to work on this project, couldn't you have just blown up Vegetasei yourself?"

Freeza smiled wryly, "That was my original plan, but further study on your father's part showed that it wouldn't work. He discovered that in Vegetasei's atmosphere there were tiny particles of an unknown element that had unique properties. Your father wanted to name it 'Briefantium,' seeing as how he discovered it. Anyway, one of the unique properties was that it deflected ki, thereby giving Vegetasei a natural ki shield. Any blast from space would only be useless and give warning to the Saiyans that they were under attack. Those fools have no idea of the existence of it because no one has ever tried to attack Vegetasei from space."

"So what was my father's take on this?"

"He believed that the key to the destruction of the Saiyans, and technically anybody else who uses ki, was found in Briefantium. However, it was impossible to collect samples from Vegetasei's atmosphere so all of his work is based on theory. He needed a solid sample to test it and after all this time, we finally found one."

"You did? Where?"

"You are so much like your father. Believe it or not, _almagamite_ is the mineral form of Briefantium. Unlike the Saiyans, the Malgonians knew of its existence and understood its properties. Not only can it reflect ki, but the Malgonians found a way to also create it. I assume that's how they were able to defend themselves from Kakarotto and Vegeta, for awhile anyways. You were so excited, because as a scientist, you had never seen anything like almagamite before. Little did you know that it was what your father was searching for all along. I'll have all his work and documentation sent over to your lab so you can get started immediately."

Bulma nodded and exited, her scientific brain deep in thought. On her way to her lab, she saw Zarbon bump into Mokra. She noticed that Mokra was extremely pissed off, so she flattened her back against the wall and strained to hear their conversation.

"I hope you're happy with your choice Zarbon! You had a chance to experience pleasure like never before and you turned it down. I could have given you anything, made you feel things you could only dream about. A real man would never refuse me."

"I believe I did last night."

"Hmph, that was a big mistake. So tell me, is she really worth it? Is that frail, blue haired thing really WORTH IT?"

"Bulma is worth everything and more. She is twice the woman you could ever be. I told you yesterday that I love her and nothing you could ever do could change that."

"Well, how about something she did? Rumour has it that your slutty bitch found someone else to keep her bed warm last night."

Zarbon grew enraged and backhanded Mokra across her face. "Don't you EVER talk about Bulma that way again. You know what you are? You're jealous! Bulma would never cheat on me just like I would never cheat on her. I don't care if you're Freeza's client, I suggest you get your hideous hide out of here and leave Bulma and me alone."

Mokra rubbed her sore cheek. "What a gullible fool you are," she hissed. "Fine, I'll leave, but if I were you I'd keep an eye out on that whore of yours."

"LEAVE!"

As Mokra grudgingly walked away, Bulma slumped against the wall. Oh Kami, Zarbon I'm so sorry. He had been telling the complete truth afterall. Guilt overcame Bulma. He was loyal, sweet and utterly devoted to her. He really did love her. All this time, she doubted his true feelings, believed she was the stable one in their relationship. But she was wrong. She was the one who turned out to be the cheater.

—

Oh Zarbon, I swear I'll make it up to you. Dammit, this is one more thing Vegeta had to ruin. This is his fault, all his fault.

—

Bulma straightened up and went to the lab, she was more determined than ever to make Vegeta pay.

* * * * *

Vegeta and Kakarotto had finished purging the planet for Mokra in just under 2 hours.

"Well that was easy," stated Kakarotto. "Shall we head back to the station?"

"NO!" Kakarotto was taken aback by the sudden outburst of his Prince.

"Is there something wrong Vegeta?"

"There is nothing wrong you Baka," Vegeta snapped. "It's been awhile since we had a good sparring match. Let's stay here for a couple of days and test our strengths against each other. By then, Freeza will probably have another mission for us."

The younger Saiyan regarded Vegeta carefully. He was definitely acting odd. He was extremely irritable, but that was nothing new. It was like he was distracted somehow, or was trying to be distracted from something_. I guess I'll find out sooner or later_. "Ok Vegeta, let's rumble."

* * * * *

Bulma had finished viewing the vid Cd's her father had made. It had been hard watching her father, who had been dead for over 15 years, talk about his theories, she was still holding back her tears. _Stop acting like this Bulma, you've got work to do._

She contemplated Dr. Briefs' theories. All Saiyans protected themselves with a ki shield. It was like a natural defense, for it was almost second nature to keep it up. However, even without ki, their skeletal structure was still incredibly strong. He had proposed a weapon that used Briefantium to neutralize their ki thereby allowing conventional weapons to take them out. But how was he to collect the Briefantium and what sort of weapon, other than a tank, could take out a Saiyan? His research ended abruptly, coinciding with his death.

Bulma looked at her almagamite. Being a mineral, it had traces of Briefantium in it. If only she could separate it, she could then duplicate it. She went to work, running her tests. If it worked, then that solved the problem of neutralizing ki. But what then?

—

_For the weapon to be advantageous, it should be able to hurt, or even kill a Saiyan with one shot. _She focused on the almagamite again._ What was that Freeza had said? The Malgonians used it to create ki? That's it! While bullets might not cause that much damage to a ki-less Saiyan, a ki blast certainly would._

She'd have to learn how the Malgonians created it. Of course she couldn't ask them because a certain Saiyan had wiped out their race. If she could create it, then maybe her idea would work. She would make a gun that fired a multi-layered blast. The outer edge would be Briefantium, used to repel the ki and get through one's shield. Then once it's through, the core of the blast would be artificial ki, made from almagamite, and given enough power could fatally wound anyone, not _just_ a Saiyan.

Bulma ran tests for hours but made little progress. _Maybe I'll think better after a good night's sleep_. Kami knows she had still been exhausted from the previous night's events when she woke up. _Dammit Bulma, don't think about that. Don't think about Vegeta. It's over. You were right the first time, he will never change . . . but why

does it still hurt so much?_

--

Zarbon then entered. "Baby Blue, why are you still here? You shouldn't be working so hard."

Bulma's resolve came back again. _Yes, my pain will go away as soon as I hurt Vegeta. He will know what it's like to feel pain and loneliness. Yes, I'll destroy his race and he'll truly be alone. He'll be alone forever, and I will have Zarbon._

--

"Honey, what's wrong?" The braided alien asked his fiancée, who had been staring into space. "Freeza said you were working on some special project?"

"Huh? Oh yeah, I'm going to destroy Vegeta."

"Vegeta? Did he hurt you?"

"Uhh Vegeta? Did I say Vegeta? I-I meant Vegetasei. Yes, I'm working on a weapon that can take out the Saiyans. I'm going to make them pay for what they did to me and countless others."

Zarbon got closer to Bulma and swept her into his arms. He caressed her hair and held her close. "My love, I can tell that you're upset. Why don't you come to bed and get some rest?"

Bulma felt tears well up as she looked at the man who loved her. How could she have ever doubted him?

Zarbon noticed the salty droplets and kissed them away. "Now what's wrong?"

"You're just too good to me."

He smiled, "I love you."

Bulma buried her head into Zarbon's chest, but didn't say anything.

* * * * *

Zarbon had carried Bulma, who had fallen asleep in his arms, back to her room. He gently laid her on the bed and climbed in to hold her. He watched her as she slept and noticed how her face kept contorting, showing different emotions. She was definitely dreaming, but whether it was a nightmare, he couldn't tell.

"Vegeta!"

Zarbon unconsciously gripped Bulma tighter. _Vegeta? Why would she say that bastard's name?_ He stared intently at her, but she didn't say anything again. _I know I didn't imagine it, she said his name earlier too. I'm going to find out what's going on._

--

* * * * *

Zarbon woke up the next morning, finding that Bulma had already gone. That was how it was for the next couple of days. Bulma would always get up early and come back late. She spent all her time in the lab, determined to complete her father's work. Zarbon had had it!

"Bulma, you've got to slow down, you need to rest."

"Oh sure, and while I rest, how many more millions are going to suffer at the hands of the Saiyans?"

"This isn't like you. This project of yours has become like an obsession. Why? If this has something to do with Vegeta . .
."

"DON'T mention his name to me."

"It does doesn't it? This is all about revenge, I can see it in your eyes. What the hell did Vegeta do?"

"A woman can only be pushed so far Zarbon. I suggest that before you make it onto my hit list too you stop your questioning and leave. None of this concerns you."

Not wanting to push his luck any further, he complied.

Bulma once again came back late. Zarbon was already in bed when he heard her enter, but he pretended to be asleep. She changed then went to stand by a porthole. The light from the stars illuminated her face, and even from the bed, Zarbon could see that Bulma was crying.

The next day Bulma announced that she had completed her weapon.

* * * * *

Freeza sipped his wine and mulled over what had to be done next. He was incredibly pleased at what Bulma had presented to him. The blaster had been sent into production and he had been calling in his best soldiers to the station. A full scale attack was being prepared and when they were through, there would be nothing left of the Saiyan Empire.

The Saiyans wouldn't go down without a fight, that was for certain. Freeza eyed the blaster. Like any conventional weapon, it had to be aimed at a vital point to do the most damage. There was also the question of speed, which was why he was bringing in his best soldiers. When fired, the shot could be as fast as an Elite Saiyan, but getting a good aim would be tricky. That was why a massive onslaught was needed. Catch them off guard and before they can react.

Over the years, he did think about going to Vegetasei and personally killing them all, but he knew many would escape and doubted if even he could take on a planet full of angry oozaru. Besides, he liked using them all these years, they were very efficient exterminators.

All Saiyans were accounted for. Most will be on Vegetasei and he

would be sending the Ginyu Squad to take care of those on purging missions. _The only problem might be the Prince and his loyal companion. I have to get them here or on Vegetasei when the time comes so that they can't escape. They are the only ones who may pose a threat in the future, heh, I might as well take care of them myself._

--

As luck would have it, Zarbon entered then. He informed Freeza that Vegeta and Kakarotto were still planetside.

"Have them come back to the station. Tell them another mission awaits them."

"Yes, Lord Freeza. Oh and there was one more thing I wanted to discuss with you."

--

* * * * *

"KAKAROTTO! Why did you stop?" Vegeta was in mid air, a ki ball half formed in his hands.

"I'm sorry Vegeta but did you hear that? It sounds like it's coming from the ship. I think we're being paged."

Vegeta sighed angrily, but nodded for Kakarotto to go answer it. They were told to come back to the station to go over the plans for another purging mission.

As Kakarotto prepared the ship for take off, he glanced over at Vegeta. The Saiyan Prince was a mixture of nervousness, anticipation, and something else. Of course, to anyone else, he would look like the same stern, no nonsense Vegeta, but Kakarotto could read him perfectly.

"What's wrong?"

"Nothing's wrong!" Vegeta snapped.

The younger Saiyan knew not to push it and so the rest of the trip was in silence. As they reached the station, they noticed how more slaves than usual were cleaning up the place, and starting to put up decorations.

"What's going on?" Kakarotto asked the guard that had greeted them.

"Well apparently Freeza was going to have a big celebration in a couple of days, but now a wedding will also be part of the festivities; the marriage of his adoptive daughter to his head guard, Zarbon."

Kakarotto noticed Vegeta stiffen, but was distracted again as the guard told him that Freeza would meet with them in the morning. As he turned to his Prince he noticed that Vegeta had disappeared_. I hope he solves whatever has been disturbing him. I am sure it has something to do with this station._ With those fleeting thoughts,

Kakarotto headed to his quarters for a good night's sleep.

* * * * *

A small, compact figure stealthily entered the human's room. Noiselessly, he made his way to the wall facing the bed, then stopped and stood there. _Why am I even here? Maybe I should just kill her and put us both out of our misery_. But he knew he was fooling himself. He could never bring physical harm to her, and ever since she ran from him crying, he had been unable to get her off of his mind. He silently cursed himself for biting her neck. He wasn't fully bonded to her, but there was still something there. The figure on the bed started to move and he focused his attention back to her.

Bulma slowly opened her eyes. It was still the middle of the night but something had drawn her out of her slumber. She sat up and let her eyes adjust to the dark. She stood and felt the tiniest prickle of electricity run through her spine. Not being able to shed the feeling that something was out of place, she walked to the porthole and stared out into space. She had been doing that a lot lately â€" staring and wondering, wondering the many ways her life could have been different.

Warm breath on her neck made Bulma stiffen. Cautiously, she turned around and came face to face with Vegeta. For minutes they just stared at each other not saying anything. Bulma studied his face. He was expressionless, but the way the shadows of the room and the light from the stars played against his features, _Kami, he is beautiful_.

That was the effect he had on her, just one look and everything else ceased to exist â€" even Zarbon. All thoughts of anger and revenge flew out of her mind. Ok, maybe not anger, she _did_ remember that he had hurt her. But if she meant nothing to him then why was he here? Hope sprung in her heart as she gazed back at his ebony stare.

Finally, he broke the silence. "I hear congratulations are in order."

"W-what?"

"Your upcoming wedding. I was quite surprised at the news, I mean after having me, why go back to that blue skinned freak?"

Her temper flared, "Is that why you're here? To insult me? Tell me, what was I supposed to do Vegeta? According to you, there is nothing between us. What we did was sport! Well what I have with Zarbon is different. He loves me Vegeta and he's not afraid to admit it."

"Listen to yourself woman. You say that pretty boy loves you and that's all you need, but obviously it isn't."

"I made a mistake Vegeta. What we did was nothing but a _mistake_. I love Zarbon!"

Vegeta blinked at those words but then smirked, "You can scream that as loud as you want, but you and I both know that that's not true."

"You bastard! Why are you doing this to me? I thought you never wanted to see me again Vegeta. Why are you really here? Obviously I'm not the only one lying to myself about my feelings."

The Prince growled and stepped closer to Bulma, making her back up into the wall. "You think I want to be here? You think I actually want you? I'm a Saiyan remember, I go and get my jollies by tormenting others. Like all Saiyans I'm cruel, mean and evil, but I will never be weak."

With each word he drew closer to the blue haired woman until his body was pressed against hers. He lowered his head slightly and brought his mouth to her ear, "You're just an easy target." His mouth twisted into a cruel smirk, ". . . and an easy lay."

Bulma blinked back her tears. "Damn you Vegeta," she whispered. "DAMN YOU!" she pounded on his chest but it was useless. He started to chuckle at her pathetic hits.

"You think this is funny, that your fucking mind games are funny? Well tell me what it is that you want me to do? Cry, beg for you to stay? I've had it, I will shed no more tears for you Vegeta. Go ahead, kill me if that's what you want. KILL ME! Or I swear, the next time we meet, I will kill you."

Vegeta was shocked at Bulma's words, but an evil smile crept across his face. He wrapped his arms around her waist and before she knew what was happening, he was giving her an incredibly slow and agonizing kiss. Instinctively, Bulma wound her arms around his neck and ran her fingers through his hair.

After 10 minutes, Vegeta drew back slightly so that their noses were still touching. She could feel his warm breath on her lips. "Have it your way woman," he spoke huskily. "The next time we meet, I dare you to kill me."

Bulma was speechless as he pulled away. He looked up towards a shadowed corner and smirked. Giving one more look to a confused Bulma, Vegeta left.

The green braided, blue skinned alien, standing in the shadowed corner, was shocked. He watched as his fiancée numbly made her way back to bed and quickly fell asleep. Zarbon clenched his fists, not wanting to believe it. Not her . . . and him? Is this why she's been obsessed with getting revenge on the Saiyans, because she can't get Vegeta to admit he loves her? How could she do this to me, what am I, her consolation prize? So be it, in time she will learn to love me again, she'll love me as soon as she realizes that she doesn't need Vegeta. She'll learn to live without him as soon as he's dead. Too bad Freeza's handling that, I would love to be the last thing he sees before he's sent to Hell._

--

Making sure Bulma was still asleep, Zarbon quietly left her room.

* * * * *

The next morning, before Freeza met with Kakarotto and Vegeta, he

sent his troops on ships to Vegetasei. Bulma begged to go as well, so she and Zarbon went with them.

Freeza went to the training room where he found the two Saiyans sparring. They stopped when he entered.

"So Freeza, what's the next purging mission you're talking about?" asked Kakarotto.

The non Saiyan put on a sly grin, "Why Vegetasei of course?"

"WHAT?"

Freeza looked at Vegeta, "So monkey prince, you think you're destined to be the strongest in the universe? Why don't we test that right now?" He lashed out with his tail and knocked the Prince over.

Angrily, Vegeta jumped back up and charged Freeza. Every punch and every kick, no matter how fast or strong, was merely blocked by the pink alien. However, to give Vegeta credit, he too held up his own against Freeza's attacks.

Kakarotto had been surprised at Freeza's sudden attack. He watched as they fought, noticing that they were pretty much even in skill and power. However, Kakarotto knew that Freeza had many forms and if he decided to change then that would be the end. _I know Vegeta's going to kick my ass but I've got to help. We've got to defeat Freeza quickly and find out what's going on with Vegetasei._

--

The younger Saiyan then jumped into the fray and was able to land in a couple blows.

"Kakarotto what the hell are you doing? This is my fight!"

"Damn your pride Vegeta. We've got to end this quickly, you know we're no match for him."

"Shut up Kakarotto!"

Freeza just laughed. "Such a pig-headed monkey you are. Even when your girlfriend is hell bent on destroying your world, you decide to stay here and fight a battle you cannot win."

—

Bulma.

"WHAT THE HELL DID YOU DO TO HER?" Furiously, Vegeta began pounding on Freeza. He gathered his ki and threw a series of blasts. Kakarotto was surprised by the sudden outburst but aided his Prince by throwing blasts of his own. Pretty soon, the ceiling of the training room started to collapse and fell on a badly beaten Freeza.

The two Saiyans just stood there, gasping for breath as they stared at the wreckage. All was still for a couple of minutes but then everything began to shake. Not just the training room, but the whole

station.

"Kuso! He's changing."

"Come on Vegeta, we've got to get out of here. We can settle this later, but right now we have to get to Vegetasei."

Vegeta looked at the rubble, almost eager to fight a transformed Freeza " just for the thrill of it. But he knew he couldn't win and then there was the Bulma situation. If she was going to Vegetasei, then that's where he should be too.

The two Saiyans raced down the halls to the docking port, getting into a pod before Freeza could complete his transformation. With the co-ordinates locked in, they raced off to Vegetasei not knowing what they would find.

* * * * *

When they had entered Vegetasei's orbit, Bulma gathered all the soldiers to give the final commands.

"Ok, you all know how to use the blasters, just make sure you don't shoot any of your comrades. We are going to land by the Palace, King Vegeta thinks we're on a diplomatic mission, our other ships are just beyond their sensor capabilities. Once we land, we're going on a full scale attack. We take out the Palace first and then the other ships will land planet wide. Everyone understand?"

A murmur of assent went throughout the crowd.

Zarbon drew Bulma aside, "My love, don't you think it's dangerous for you to go too?"

"Oh sweetie, I'll be sticking right by you so you can protect me. Besides, this was my father's idea, and I want to honour him."

Zarbon sighed, "Ok, then let's do it."

* * * * *

Vegeta and Kakarotto knew something had gone terribly wrong when they landed by the Palace. The docking bay was littered with dead bodies of different species of aliens, not just Saiyans. But as they made their way further inside, the ratio of dead Saiyans to non Saiyans was definitely increasing.

"What happened?"

"I intend to find out Kakarotto. Let's split up, we'll get more answers that way."

Kakarotto nodded and went down a different hall.

Vegeta continued on his course and ended up at the Royal Gardens. As he stepped inside, he was suddenly knocked to the ground by a strong force.

"Zarbon."

"I see you were able to get away from Freeza. Well that just means that now I have the pleasure of killing you myself."

Vegeta smirked, "That's what you think." He flew off the ground, having healed from his battle with Freeza, and definitely stronger than before.

Zarbon flew up to meet him but felt the wind knocked out of him as Vegeta elbowed him in the gut. He continued with his force and drove Zarbon into the ground. Flipping off, he grabbed the alien by his braid and flung him into a tree.

Zarbon instantly transformed but was met with another crushing blow to the face, then another, and another. Relentlessly, Vegeta punched, elbowed, kicked, kneed, twisted and threw his nemesis. Zarbon landed as a terrible mess on his back, reverting back to his first form.

"STOP IT!"

Vegeta turned to see an angry Bulma, "Well, what is it woman?"

"Don't you dare kill him?"

"Who? You mean pretty boy, the so-called love of your life? Don't you think you should be honest with him and tell him what we did?"

Tears formed in Bulma's eyes. "Don't do this Vegeta, please I'm begging you, I don't want to be alone."

Zarbon slowly staggered to his feet. "You hear that pretty boy. She doesn't love you, she's using you. Though I don't know why. Apparently you're not satisfying her in the sack and I doubt with your mental capabilities that you could hold an intelligent conversation with her. Well, you know women, they just don't want to feel lonely."

Zarbon growled at Vegeta then looked at Bulma. "How could you pick him over me Baby Blue? It could have been anybody else, why him?"

Bulma choked back her sobs, "I'm so sorry Zarbon, I never wanted to hurt you like this."

"I love you Bulma."

"WRONG ANSWER!" Vegeta yelled as he blasted Zarbon to oblivion.

"NOOOOOOOOOOO!" Bulma screamed

Vegeta just smirked at the ashes of his latest victim. He turned to Bulma who now was pointing a weapon at him. "Why must you insist on making me lonely?" she sobbed. "I have no family thanks to you Saiyans, you leave me twice and now you kill the one man who has ever loved me. DAMN YOU VEGETA! WHAT HAVE YOU TO SAY FOR YOURSELF???"

"Pitiful human, you really think a gun could kill me?"

"DAMMIT VEGETA, ANSWER ME! Why must you keep killing my soul piece by piece?"

He stood silent at what she had said. A brief flicker of emotion passed through him, but he contained it. When he spoke his voice was ice, "You are nothing to me woman. I don't want you, no one could ever want you. You are weak. Look at you, pointing your gun at me, why haven't you shot me yet? I recall the last time we talked you swore you would kill me. Well go ahead, take your best shot, _slut_."

She pulled the trigger.

Regret filled her immediately as she threw the blaster aside and ran to Vegeta.

"Oh no, oh Kami, no, no, no."

But it was no use. Vegeta hadn't even put up a ki shield and the blast pierced his lower heart. He was on his knees by the time Bulma reached him. He fell back into her arms.

Vegeta looked into Bulma's tear filled eyes as she held on to him. He could see everything in her eyes: her pain, her sorrow, her . . . love? The realization hit him hard_. What have I done? This is all my fault. All of this happened because of me . . . because of my pride._

--

"Oh Vegeta," Bulma sobbed. "I'm sorry, so very, very sorry. Please don't leave me," the tears rolled down her cheeks. "I need you, Kami oh how I _need _you," she whispered.

--

She's crying over me. After all the hell she's been through â€" that I've put her through. She's not gloating over my dying body, she's holding me, begging me to hang on. I never should have pushed her away, dammit she would never have done this if it hadn't been for me. Why couldn't I accept this sooner? The woman isn't weak, she is the strongest I know.

--

Vegeta slowly raised his left hand to brush the tears off Bulma's face. His breathing became laboured as he felt his life draining from his body.

He managed a feeble smirk, "Baka, had you been a better shot, I'd have been dead by now." He brushed her lower lip with his thumb. "I . . . never . . . wanted this . . . to . . . happen . . ." Vegeta broke off into a coughing fit.

"No, Vegeta, save your strength. Dammit, where is everybody? HELP, SOMEBODY HELP US, PLEASE!!!"

Vegeta stopped coughing and silenced his mate with a gentle caress of

her cheek. "It's too late."

Bulma turned her gaze back to him. Their eyes locked and for the first time in his life, Vegeta let someone see his unguarded soul. "No don't talk like that, you're going to be fine . . . fine," but Bulma could no longer convince even herself.

The Saiyan Prince ran his fingers through her aqua hair one last time. He mustered up all his strength to say, "Forgive me . . . Bulma," and then he shut his eyes for good.

For ten minutes she screamed her loss to the world.

Then she clutched onto him tighter, burrowing her head into his shoulder from behind, and started rocking back and forth. "No Vegeta, it was not your fault, it was never your fault."

"You're right, it was mine!"

* * * * *

Kakarotto had learned of the invasion and found out that all the Saiyans were dead. The Palace was attacked first which was why there were no more soldiers there. He was looking to inform Vegeta when he had heard screams coming from the gardens. He made his way to the source and stopped short. His Prince laid in the arms of the blue haired woman, dead from a wound to the heart. But what struck him was the way the Chikyuu native held Vegeta.

Here was the woman who brought about the destruction of his race and she was mourning the death of their Prince. Kakarotto looked around, there were no traces of anyone else. Bulma had given Vegeta the fatal blow. So why was the human acting like this?

Then he saw it. The way she gently rocked him, how she kept kissing his temple in hopes he would wake up, and those tears â€" tears of grief. The woman who had declared war on the Saiyans was in love with their Prince. And now that Kakarotto thought back on it, he was sure the emotion wasn't one-sided.

Kakarotto stared at the broken woman in front of him. Everything that shaped her hatred of the Saiyans had started with him, with his purge of Chikyuu. He had started the chain of events that led to his species near extinction. How fitting that he was the last. The one Saiyan who was like no other Saiyan.

Well, he would rectify this. He will make amends for his Prince and the human. It was one thing to kill and bring fear, but to actually see what a lifetime of suffering (that you had caused) brought about was something else entirely.

"No Vegeta, it was not your fault, it was never your fault," he heard her say.

"You're right, it was mine!"

Bulma looked up, startled that she wasn't alone. "Kakarotto . . . what do you mean?"

"It doesn't matter. Just know that I'll make this up to you, I will

make everything up to you."

"H-how?"

"I'm not sure yet. But please let me take Vegeta's body, I'm afraid of what Freeza would do if he got his hands on him."

"Oh Freeza! I've got to contact him, tell him to stop . . ."

"It's too late. He ordered the troops to be deployed planetwide. I'm the last Saiyan left."

"What? NOOOO! I just wanted to make Vegeta pay, make you pay. Oh Kami, what have I done? I've got to talk to Freeza." Bulma took one last look at Vegeta and tenderly kissed his cold lips. Reluctantly, she got up and looked Kakarotto in the eye.

"His body deserves nothing but respect and honour."

"I know what my Prince deserves," he said as Bulma left. _A second chance_.

* * * * *

Kakarotto wasn't even sure it would work, but he knew he had to try. Technically he could do it anywhere, but the Temple of Cabbagio seemed most appropriate. Saiyans by nature weren't a spiritual people, but centuries ago, a temple _had_ been built, and though it was never used, it was still standing.

Vegeta was laid down on a stone slab in the center of the main room. Kakarotto stood behind his head and took a deep breath, powering up his ki. _My loyalty to you knows no bounds._

--

A blue light engulfed the standing Saiyan, he concentrated his ki, his life force, into his hands. He then laid them on Vegeta's chest and let it flow from his body. It was a start, but he knew it wasn't enough.

—

My life for his life, my soul for his soul. It's all or nothing. Darkness seeped into Kakarotto's consciousness and he was drawn to it. It was warm, almost soothing and as he gave into it, the last of his energy was drained from his body.

* * * * *

Bulma got onto her ship and headed back to the station. She only went half speed because she needed time to think. What would her father think of her now? Thinking of her father comforted her somewhat. She took out the box of vid CD's and decided to watch them, hoping to have at least some part of him with her. She didn't want to feel lonely at this moment.

She carried the CD's to the screen but tripped on the way. The box dropped and the vid CD's went sprawling. _Oh that's just perfect_. She bent to retrieve them and picked up the box. Peering in, she

noticed that there was a panel on the bottom that had loosened. She took it out, revealing another CD. _Odd, this wasn't part of his research, but it's dated, oh Kami, the night of his death._

--

Bulma quickly popped in the CD and sat down to watch. An image of her father filled the screen. He looked exactly like he did the last time she saw him, and she noticed that he was in his room.

-

If you're watching this, I'm probably dead. Bulma, I hope this is you I'm speaking to. I feel so ashamed, I was taken for a fool. For the past two years I've been doing research on how to destroy the Saiyans. They took over my planet and killed my wife. It turns out I'm only half right.

Recently I found out that the Chikyuu purge was sanctioned by none other than Freeza himself. It's because of him our lives were ruined. I confronted him about it after dinner tonight, and he warned me that I better continue with my work or something terrible would happen. I walked out on him, swearing I'd never work for him again. I'm sorry Bulma, I put both our lives at risk, but I believe you're safe. I think he's sending an assassin for me tonight which is why I'm making this video. Bulma, Freeza realizes what a genius you are and when you're older, I believe he'll get you to take over my work. I've hidden this video with the rest of my research in hopes that you find it and get away from Freeza as soon as possible. I love you my princess and know that you'll never be alone because your mother and I are always with you. I think I hear someone coming, I've got to hide this fast.

-

The screen then filled with static.

Bulma stared blankly at the screen, a million different emotions coursing through her veins. She wanted to cry but she couldn't, she had no more tears left. Because of one lie her whole life had been altered. She had lost everything, and it wasn't because of her and it wasn't because of the Saiyans, it was because of Freeza.

He would pay!

* * * * *

Vegeta slowly opened his eyes and looked around. The last thing he remembered was being in Bulma's arms, now he was in a temple. He clutched his chest and realized that the wound was gone. He turned around and saw Kakarotto lying on the ground.

"Kakarotto!" He rushed to his friend but found that he was dead. Realization dawned on him. _You soft hearted fool, even I don't deserve that sort of sacrifice._

-

I'm sorry Vegeta, but it was something I just had to do.

—

The last Saiyan looked around the room then discovered that the voice was speaking directly to his thoughts.

—

Kakarotto?

Who else?

Where are you?

I'm not sure exactly. I was standing in front of a giant man and he couldn't decide whether to send me to heaven or hell. He told me he'd have to review my file and that would take awhile. In the meantime, this blue man with whiskers approached me and asked to train me. He said that a competition was going to be held and he wanted a student of his to beat the champion of some other guy. I'm not sure on the details.

Same old Kakarotto, always wanting to fight.

Yes, look I don't have much time but I wanted to askl you not to hate me for what I did. I don't want you to feel that you owe me or anything. I just did what any loyal subject would do.

Baka, I would never hate you.

That's a relief. Now go, go be with the one you love.

—

Vegeta scowled at the word, but heard Kakarotto laughing.

—

You can't fool me Vegeta, but I guess it'll take time for you to openly admit it. Just don't waste it.

—

Those last words echoed in his mind as he ran to his pod. He knew Bulma would return to the station so that's where he headed at full speed.

* * * * *

"FREEZA!"

"Yes my dear, you called?" Bulma whirled around startled at the appearance of her foster _father_.

In his rage after Vegeta and Kakarotto had escaped him, he had transformed into his ultimate state.

Bulma looked at him with disgust. "I now know the truth Freeza. _You_ were the one who ordered the purge of Chikyuu. _You_ were the one responsible for my father's murder. And I bet anything, it was _your_ idea to separate Vegeta and me."

"Well, I guess you got me child. You always were too smart for your own good. Now is there anything else you wanted?"

"Fine, make a big joke out of it. But maybe this will make you take me seriously." Bulma pulled out a blaster. Before she could even fire, Freeza was in her face, snatching the weapon out of her hand and breaking it in two.

"To think this is how you repay me after all those years I raised you. Tsk tsk." He picked her up by her throat and gingerly tossed her into the wall. Freeza then approached her again and grabbed her by her arms. He dangled her in the air and slowly began to apply pressure. Bulma screamed in agony as she felt her bones beginning to snap.

Freeza dropped her to the floor and then picked her up by her hair. "Maybe I should just rip your head off . . ."

A golden blast forced Freeza to release his hold as both he and Bulma were driven back by an incredible force. Freeza had to shield his eyes from the light but eventually made out a figure in the doorway.

"Don't. Ever. Touch. My. Mate. Again!"

"Well, well, well if it isn't a Super Saiyan. How come I'm not impressâ€¦" Vegeta cut him off as he punched a hole right through Freeza's stomach.

Freeza coughed up blood but tried to put Vegeta in a strangle hold with his tail. The Saiyan merely dug his fingers into it and ripped it clean off the tyrant's body. With incredible rage, Vegeta threw Freeza down, sending him through five station levels. He jumped down to land on him and began a rapid assault on his chest. Freeza tried to throw a ki ball but it was deflected and sent through a wall. A hole into space was formed and the vacuum that it was started to suck everything out. Thinking about Bulma's safety, Vegeta ended the fight immediately by ripping Freeza's head off his body.

Vegeta then flew up to pick up an unconscious Bulma and with instantaneous speed boarded a small shuttle. He took off just as the station was completely destroyed.

* * * * *

The Saiyan Prince sat in front of the bedroom window of the shuttle. His mate, his Bulma, was asleep in his arms, having just gotten out from the regeneration tank. Her head rested on his chest and he absently ran his fingers through her hair. He sat like that for an hour, that is, until she woke up.

Her eyelids fluttered open and she was greeted with a dark chocolate stare.

"Hi," she whispered.

"Hi."

"So, where are we going?"

"Does it really matter?"

"Now that you're with me, I guess not."

He smirked, "Woman?"

"Hmmm?"

"You talk too much."

She grinned, "And what are you going to do about that?"

Gentle fingers grasped her chin and tilted her head up. "I'll think of something," he said as warm, soft lips met hers and nothing much was said after that.

~La Fine~

5. Reflections - An Epilogue

> <meta name="Generator"> Note: This is actually more along the lines of the ending I originally wanted to do

Note: This is actually more along the lines of the ending I originally wanted to do. I was really unsatisfied with how Part 4 left off, I did kind of rush (but I HATE writing fight scenes, so that was intended to be short).

**

~Epilogue - Reflections~

**

I glance over at the sleeping figure beside me, my mind still not registering fully what has happened in the past week. Yet, even through all the pain, all the suffering, all the death, if it still led to the warmth and comfort I feel now, I would gladly endure it again. Well, maybe there is one regret.

I walk over to the small window and gaze out. For most of my life I had lived under a lie and the consequences were great. Blindly I followed my errant hatred and look at what it led to. Saiyans were not saints but I do lament their deaths, especially a certain one's.

In a sense, he started me down on this path. For years he was the source of my anger, my malice, but I was mistaken. Boy, was I mistaken. He gave me back my love in his noble sacrifice and I will be eternally grateful.

Kakarotto, I am sorry.

* * * * *

I wake up, noticing immediately my mate is not by my side. But looking up, I see her at the window and I rise to join her.

She leans back into my warmth as I wrap my arms around her waist. We stand there in silence and I know what she's thinking. She feels guilty for what she did to the Saiyans but I assure her that I do not begrudge her. Bah, if the fools weren't quick enough, or smart enough, then they deserved to die.

Yet, she still feels sorrow, and that's the way she is. I have grown accustomed to death, but she never will. In a way I am glad for that, she was always the one pure thing in my life. Because of that, I will do whatever it takes to get her through this - I've already started. How ironic that the woman who wiped out the Saiyan empire is now the hope for rebirth. I smirk as I raise a hand and stroke her stomach. She doesn't know it yet, but she's smart, she'll figure it out.

My gift.

Her redemption.

Our son.

~La Fine~ (I really mean it this time)

End
file.